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THE MILLER OF *TROMPINGTON*:

Being an EXERCISE upon

CHAUCER's REEVE's TALE.

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MILLER

OF

TROMPINGTON.

CHARACTERS

REPLY'S TALE.

TO THE READER.

THE Author of the following Piece being a young Man in an Employment that daily called him abroad, uſed over Night to read a Portion of *Chaucer*, the next Day work it up on Horſe-back, and write it out when he came home. Thus, ſaid he, I picked up every ſcrap of Time; kept my Mind full; barred out ill Gueſts; preſerved my ſelf chearful; made my Journeys eaſy, and my Buſineſs tolerable. And this being the true Occaſion

and Manner of his writing this Tale, it's hoped he may find Pardon for Faults and Failings, particularly for running away ſo often from his Maſter old *Jeffrey*, ſince the whole is really but the little Rambles of a merry Traveller, jumbled together, ſometimes a Trot, ſometimes a Gallop. That he had Thoughts at firſt of ſtealing it out into publick, is not only hinted in the Prologue and Epilogue, but expreſſly ſaid in theſe Lines, which he put in the Title Page:

Parve (nec ejicio) ſine me, Liber, ibis in orbem.
Eſt mihi quòd Domino non libet ire tuo.
Vade, ſed incultus, qualem decet eſſe prioris;
Ridiculumque habitum temporis hujus habe.

But afterwards looking on it as a juvenile Trifle, he wrote,

Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.

and ſo flung it by in a corner of his Study, where it hath lain about thirty Years; and now being found, as it was born in the Streets, ſo it's turn'd out again

gain to ſeek its Fortune, without a Father to own it.

He made up two Tales more of the ſame ſort, but his Head then turning to another Subject in Proſe, he ſeems to have done them heavily, and *invitâ Minervâ*, and never put his laſt Hand to them. About the middle of the laſt he made this Diſtich,

Cætera cùm canerem, ſubitò petit ardua cœli
Muſa proterva ſuum raucum indignata Poetam.

and it's likely there he meant to have left off quite; and without doubt it was a conſiderable time before he finiſhed it; for both the Paper and Ink of the laſt look much different from the firſt part. He had alſo made the Draught of an Apology for low Poetry, and flung together ſome uncommon Materials for it, but left it imperfect.

PROLOGUE,

In Imitation of Perſius.

—Nec fonte labra, &c.

I Have no ſhare, that I can tell,
I'th' ſacred Pegaſean *Well;*
Nor any Title to poſſeſs
One Foot of Ground upon Parnaſs.
So then I have (I can't deny)
But poor pretence to Poetry:
And ſhould I be accoſted thus,
Your humble Servant Minimus
Of Minor *Poets: I ſhou'd bow,*
Extreamly pleas'd, and proud of't too.
But as to thoſe rare Gentlemen,
Whoſe Birth, and nat'ral Parts have been
So happy, as to make 'em free
O'th' Heliconian *Company:*

'Tis

PROLOGUE.

'Tis they, and only they alone,
Have got a Patent of their own,
To trade with Wit to Helicon.

Yet lo! ſuch is my Impudence,
And want of Coin, and Conſcience;
That, tho' I'm but a Countrey Swain,
Prove how it will, I can't refrain
From interloping in their Trade,
With ruſtick Wares that I have made.

For Need pricks forward ev'ry Ninny
To try, at leaſt, to turn the Penny:
And where faint Nature would not do it,
Pure Penury makes many a Poet.

Pray let me aſk you, who does teach
The ſenſeleſs Pies, and Parrots Speech?
Not Nature ſure, or Mother Wit;
But more ingenious Appetite:
And Hunger, Want, and pinching Pain;
And Senſe o'th' Belly, not o'th' Brain.

'Tis Want, and hard Neceſſity,
That quickens all our Induſtry:
And if Rewards encourage it,
'Twill eaſily convert to Wit.

Cou'd

PROLOGUE.

Cou'd we but see the golden Age
Return again, to bless the Stage:
Cou'd we but find the welcome Bays,
Producing Pence, as well as Praise:
Oh witty Times! how great wou'd be
The Change in modern Poetry!
Meer Parrot Poets might, perhaps,
That write, by rote, poor stollen scraps,
Produce Compositures, little less
Than Iliads, *and* Odysses.

THE MILLER OF *Trompington*, &c.

CANTO. I.

The ARGUMENT.

Of Symkin's *self, and Spouse, and Daughter,*
How th' Manciple fell into th' Water;
How th' Miller did, in Tolling, take up,
And how he set the Warden's Back up.

PIERIAN Madams (no offence)
I come to crave your Influence:
And I'll not be content with less,
Than what you gave *Mæonides*:
He brought his *Troy* to great Renown,
And so will I my *Trompington*.

The

The Scholars know it; 'tis a Place
Two Miles from *Cambridge*, more or leſs.
There flows a pleaſant Brook, which pays
Its welcome Tribute ſev'ral ways.
It yieldeth Fiſh; and when let out,
Like *Nile*, ſheds Bounty all about.
Not only makes the Corn to grow,
But drives a Mill, and grinds it too.

There dwelt a Miller many a Day,
As proud as Peacock, and as gay.
Altho' he wore two clubbed Fiſts,
And Fingers big enough for Wriſts;
Yet he cou'd make 'em nimbly labour
On Hautboy, Flute, or Pipe and Tabor.
Nets cou'd he mend, well cou'd he fiſh;
Cou'd turn a wooden Cup or Diſh;
Cou'd wreſtle ſtoutly, ſhew good play,
At trip, or cloſe, or any way.
His mighty Strength, and Skill was ſuch,
'Tis ſaid he never met his match.
Haughty he was as *Lucifer*,
And grim and ſurly as a Bear.
His Face was broad, his Noſe was flat,
His Eyes as grey as any Cat.

His

His Whiſkers long, and black as Pitch,
His Skull as bald as Monkey's Breech,
His Aſpect ſavage, his Stature tall,
Shoulders and Legs huge made withal.
Abroad he very ſeldom ſtirr'd,
Without a Ponyard, Tuck and Sword.
He was ſo ſtout, and void of Fear
He durſt exchange a Box o'th' Ear
With *Milo*, had he been alive:
Tho' at *Olymp* he's ſaid to give
With's ſwinging Fiſt ſo damn'd a Blow,
That therewithal he kill'd a Cow.
In fine this Miller was accounted
A Fellow not to be affronted;
And generally us'd to paſs
For th' dreadful'ſt Blade that ever was.
A Thief he was, as Millers be,
And us'd to toll unconſcionably.
His Name was *Symphin*, and his Spouſe
Forſooth was of a noble Houſe,
The Parſon's Daughter of the Place.
Pewter with her he gave and Braſs;
A Copper Furnace, Tubs to brew,
Which twenty Years before were new:

Two pair of Sheets, a feather Bed,
A warming Pan without a lid;
With many a piece of houſhold Stuff,
For he was glad to pack her off,
Leſt ſhe ſhou'd do like many more;
And as her Siſter did before,
That prov'd an errant hackney Whore.

To bring about this wiſh'd Alliance
Old Father (out of meer compliance)
To *Sympkin*'s Pride and Nicety)
Had bred her up i'th' Nunnery.
For *Sym* gave out, he'd ne'er diſparage,
He'd ne'er diſgrace his Blood by Marriage
Below himſelf: So good a Yeoman
May well expect a Gentlewoman;
Well born, well bred, a Beauty and Virgin,
Or elſe the Devil take the Bargain.

This Wife was lively, briſk, and pert,
And oftentimes moſt terr'bly tart,
Which *Sym* regarded not a Fart:
Tho' her perpetual Mover ſtill clack;
He minded it no more than's Mill clack.

We moſtly ſee the Marriage ſtate
A checker work of Love and Hate:

This Simile's not ill apply'd
To ſurly *Sym*, and's bickering Bride.
Sometimes like Dog and Bear they'd be:
Sometimes they'd love confoundedly.
'Twas pleaſant to behold them two
On Holy Days; how he wou'd go
Before with Tippet on his Head;
And ſhe'd trip after, all in red:
Sym in red Hoſe, puff'd up he had 'em;
And none durſt call her leſs than Madam.
None went ſo hardy on the Way
That durſt pretend to ſport and play
With Madam Milloreſs; for *Sym*
Wou'd certainly have murther'd him
With Sword or Dagger that he wore:
For jealous Fools are evermore
Moſt perilous; tho' they encline
(Which well might tempt a Neighbour in)
To have their Wives go finikin fine.
And fine ſhe went as any ſhe,
And gaudy as a Butterfly:
With iron'd Face, and plighted Mouth,
In prinkum prankum dreſt forſooth

With various Ribbons Shops afford;
Not much unlike a Jay (good Lord!)
Fine-feather'd, yet an ugly Bird.
Becauſe (thank God) by Birth ſhe was
A Clergy Woman; and becauſe
She was (which no Man can deny)
Genteelly bred i'th' Nunnery:
And 'cauſe ſhe deem'd her ſelf a Beauty,
She thought it truly was her Duty
To put on State and Peeviſhneſs:
Thus Gentlewomen ſhou'd expreſs
Their Quality; for otherwiſe
Each *Joan* wou'd Lady ſoon deſpiſe.
Fantaſtick Toſs, and Pride, and State,
Are Virtues that diſcriminate
Degrees of Women that excell:
Were't not for theſe, pray who cou'd tell
A Dutcheſs from a dirty Jill.
Take theſe away, and fie for ſhame,
'Twou'd dwindle Madam into Dame,
And all the Sex wou'd ſeem the ſame.
This worthy Pair (God bleſs 'em) were
The Parents of a Daughter dear,
Of Age perhaps ſome twenty Year,

Or thereabouts, whoſe Name was *Betty*;
And had no more (the more's the pity)
Except a ſucking Child i'th' Cradle,
That was ſo young it could not waddle,
A jolly thriving thumping Boy,
Juſt like its Dad, as Midwives ſay.
This Wench was thick, had grown apace,
Her Noſe was flat, Eyes grey as Glaſs;
Her Buttocks ſpread like *Flanders* Mare;
Her quiv'ring Breaſts were large and bare;
Her Hair was yellow, much-what like
The wholeſome Drug call'd Arſenick:
That ſov'reign Cure where Love makes ſick.

Old Parſon, 'cauſe ſhe was ſo fair,
Deſigned *Betty* for his Heir:
And ſet himſelf upon the watch
To find her out a worthy Match.
Was fond, and critically nice
(All old Men take themſelves for wiſe)
He purpos'd to beſtow her high,
In ſome good ancient Family.
For holy Church's Goods may be
Diſpended very lawfully.

On her, whoſe Pedigree's ſo good
To come of holy Church's Blood.
And he'll refuſe no Care or Trouble,
To join his holy Blood to noble.
His holy Conſcience doth not bar it,
For holy Ones have right to ſhare it,
Tho' holy Church may ſuffer for it.

This *Trompingtonian* Miller ground
Almoſt for all the Countrey round;
For *Cambridge* too, and for a College,
Where old Fools ſold to young Fools Knowledge,
Call'd *Scholars Hall* ſo long ago,
But known by th' name of *Clare Hall* now;
Of Trav'llers worth the being ſeen,
Tho' 'twere but for its Bowling-green.
The Students number there was great,
And ſo they ſpent a deal of Wheat;
For each of them a Mouth had gotten
To eat, as well as gabble *Latin*:
But Malt they ſpent ten times as much,
For moſt an end we find that ſuch
Whoſe thirſty Souls are ſtill a-dry
To ſuck in Learning greedily,

Have grievous thirſty Bodies too,
And ſuck in wet as Sponges do,
And then their Notions briſkly flow.

Now on a Seaſon it befel
The College Manciple fell ill;
And many of them wiſely ween,
That dye he muſt, for they had ſeen
The Doctor there; and think no other,
But Death and Doctor go together.
The truth on't is, he was a Fellow
That would be often fine and mellow,
And us'd to bear it neat; but now
H'ad been as drunk as *David*'s Sow,
Moſt damnably indeed paid off,
With Brain and Belly full enough:
So reel'd i'th' Night, ruſh into th' River,
And's Head from Swimmer turn'd a Diver.
That Cold and Surfeit caus'd a Fever.

While thus he lay in great Diſtreſs,
Uncapable of Buſineſs,
The Miller rogu'd it ten times more
Than ever he had done before.
'Tis true, he ever would diſpenſe
A little with his Conſcience;

And diſh too deep; but whereas he
Then ſtole, as 'twere, but courteouſly;
He now flew out beyond belief,
And grew a moſt outrageous Thief.

At which good Warden juſtly warm'd,
At firſt grew paſſionate and ſtorm'd:
But after, Reaſon taking place,
Thus argu'd with him to his Face.

Why *Sym*, a ſcurvy ill Report
Troubles mine Ear, I'm ſorry for't;
And ſince you impudently thus
And wickedly have injur'd us,
'Tis plain, you ha'n't deſerv'd of me,
And can't expect much Courteſie:
And therefore without more ado,
I'll tell you what I ſay to you.
Sym, you're a Murth'rer, thus I prove it;
(Tho' I confeſs I little love it)
Who takes away one's Life muſt be
A Murtherer moſt certainly;
But you take Life away, and are
Ergo (d'ye ſee) a Murtherer.
Suppoſe the *Minor* you deny,
I'll prove it to you preſently.

Of Livelihood who us deprives,
Takes away in effect our Lives;
But you deprive us: *Ergo*, Clown,
The Conſequence is ſure and ſound.
Now you'll ſay, *Nego minorem* again:
But I'll ſay *Probo*, mighty plain.
Who ſteals our Corn for Drink and Food,
Deprives us of our Livelihood.
But you ſteal: *Ergo* the Concluſion,
Sir *Duſty Poll*, is your Confuſion.
Thus I could (Sirrah) Syllogiſe on,
From *Barbara Celarent*, to *Feriſon*.
But here's enough: next I'll let fly
Apocryphal Artillery.
Whence (I allow) I fetch'd the Point
And Edge of all my Argument.
You'll find in *Eccleſiaſticus*
The four and twentieth Chapter, thus;
The Bread o'th' Needy is their Life;
He that thereof doth him deprive,
And takes his Neighbour's Livelihood,
Is (ſaith the *Greek*) a Man of Blood.

As

As tho' he'd ſaid, it matters not:
Who Belly ſtarves, kills ev'ry jot
As much as he that cuts a Throat.
This you can't ſay you ſeldom do,
For all your Trade of Life is ſo,
And now your Crime is ſo plain in ſight,
Yon cannot poſſibly deny't.
And 'tis ſuch murth'rous deadly Abuſe,
'Twill not admit the leaſt Excuſe.
And if you don't your Manners alter,
Tho' you may 'hap to ſlip the Halter,
Yet ſhan't you the Vice-Chanc'lor's Court;
There I'll expoſe, and judge you for't.
And ignominiouſly, laſt of all,
Expell you out of Scholars Hall.
But *Symon*, *Symon*, if you'll mend,
I'll pardon all, and be your Friend.
Turn honeſt Man, and there's an end.

This ſaid, he triumph'd in his Heart,
Well pleas'd h'ad been ſo very ſmart.
And puſh'd ſo home his Argument,
And preſs'd ſo cloſe his Conſequent;
And ſhew'd in the concluding part
Such ſuper-fine *Philippick* Art,

Out-

Out-doing even *Cicero*
For Logick, and for Ethicks too;
And Mercy with ſtrict Juſtice mixt;
And i'th' Reſult, laid him betwixt
A luſty pair of Torturers,
O'th' right hand Hopes, o'th' left hand Fears;
To flog him till he grew a new Man,
And from a Miller turn'd a true Man.

But *Symkin* was ſo void of Grace,
He'd ſuch a curſed brazen Face;
He ne'er beg'd Pardon for's Offence,
But ſtur'd it all with Impudence;
And frown'd, and ſtamp'd, and ſlung, and tore,
And gnaſh'd, and foam'd, and curs'd, and ſwore;
And ram'd, and damn'd the Devil to do,
And ſaid they ly'd that told him ſo.

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

Two Lads are bent upon a Project;
Uſe pow'rful Rhetorick, and Logick,
Then what the Warden's Worſhip's Will is,
Then what a wond'rous thing a Mill is.

THere were two Sizers in the College,
Who truly, tho' they had no ſmall edge
To Books, and Lit'rature, were yet
More notable for waggiſh Wit;
And had no Strength, or Courage lacking,
For any daring Undertaking.
Theſe two ('cauſe Likeneſs cauſeth Love)
Were (as the Proverb) Hand and Glove;
Together ſtill in Company,
Sworn Brothers in Iniquity,
Still enterprizing ſomething: This is
Like *Diomedes*; that *Ulyſſes*.
They come, and beg ſubmiſſively,
With earneſt Importunity,

The

The Warden's Worſhip (whom God bleſs
With long Life, Health, and Happineſs)
That of his great Benignity,
He'd but vouchſafe 'em graciouſly
A thing they'd beg; but were aſham'd
His Reverence ſhou'd hear it nam'd:
Yet, to their Comfort, ſince they find
He's ever graciouſly inclin'd,
So kind, ſo good, ſo ev'ry way
Beyond what they can think or ſay;
They are encourag'd to hope he'd give
Their poor Unworthineſſes leave
To let their trembling Tongues expreſs
Unto his Worſhip's Graciouſneſs
Their poor Requeſt; and they ſhou'd pray,
On bare bent Knees, both Night and Day,
(As truly they're in Duty bound)
Upon the bare and humble Ground,
That God Almighty, i'th' Firmament,
Wou'd mercifully pleaſe to grant,
Whatever he can wiſh or want.

J. Now rev'rend, worthy, honour'd Sir,
Neceſſity's a pow'rful Spur

To

To prick us on to do a thing,
Which, tho't look odd, we're ſure will bring
Upon our very certain Knowledge,
A gen'ral Good to all the College.

A. Sage Sir, tho' Books can feed the Mind,
They can't the Body, as we can find.
Can *Charta* be, can any think,
Good Food, or *Atramentum* Drink?
Our Bodies muſt be nouriſhed,
And call, at leaſt, for Beer and Bread.
But now of late, they're both ſo ſmall,
As ne'er was known in Scholars Hall,
Until of late, Sir; and we know, Sir,
The Fault is not, i'th' leaſt, in you, Sir;
But in the Miller; and we ſhall
Prove he's the Thief, that robs us all:
If, Sir, you pleaſe but give Conſent,
We may go on with our Intent.

J. Sir, like't who can; but ſuch our Caſe is,
We Scholars are meer Millers Aſſes.
Shall ſuch a Pudding-head as he
Out-wit an Univerſity?
Shall ſuch a Scoundrel, Raſcal Rogue,
Confounded, mangie, mungrel Dog,

Who

Who is not worthy to be fed
With Chippings of our College Bread,
Nor wash with Ale his mealy Brain
Till we have piss'd it out again,
Our Tyrant be, and set a gabel
On all that cometh to our Table?
Shall he that should be Slave to serve us,
Be our Allowancer to starve us?
How dares he have the Impudence,
To make his Miller's Conscience
The only Standard, Sir, that we
Must measure all our Stomachs by?

A. There's not in *Cambridge* any Hall
Or College, but has nappy Ale,
Excepting ours: And, Sir, shall we
Like *Gideon's* Fleece alone be dry?
And can your Rev'rence think it fit,
And will your Worship, Sir, permit
A Famine of Bread shou'd make us keep
Eternal Fast, when Wheat's so cheap?

J. And all this, honour'd Sir, by th' means
Of Plaguey *Sym*, and's curst Queans,
To stuff the Toad's ungodly Guts,
And pamper a Pair of sowish Sluts,

His tawdry Wife, and ſtrapping Daughters,
That ſcorn oth' World, and ſhame of Nature.

A. They're ſuch as *Virgil* Harpys calls;
And we may call our Canibals.
They ſteal our Malt, they ſteal our Wheat,
That we ſhou'd drink, that we ſhou'd eat;
And ſo, Sir, as the Caſe has ſtood,
Effectively they had as good
Devour our Fleſh, and gulp our Blood.

J. Moſt good and gracious Sir, alas!
This is our Caſe, our wretched Caſe.
But Words what need we multiply?
You know it true as well as we.

A. You know, Sir, all things; are the ſage,
The knowing *Neſtor* of the Age.

J. Ah Sir, that Head of yours contains
A noble Cabinet of Brains;
Whoſe rich fill'd Drawers hold no leſs,
Than all the learned Languages,
And all the Arts and Sciences.

A. 'Tis ſure, there can't be ſolid Senſe,
Without a long Experience;
For truly young Mens nat'ral Wit,
Is Wiſdom but ith' Bloſſom yet;

The

The Brain's not fruitful, till we see
The Head bloom like the Almond Tree;
Then, then's the time for Fruit to grow;
For young Men Learn, but old Men Know.

J. Your Reverences Almond Head
Appals us so with awful dread,
That maugre our Necessities,
We should not dare tell our devices,
Were you not Good, as well as Wise.

A. Knowledge, if Goodness be not by,
Serves but to perfect Villany.
No Man deserves much preference,
Upon the sole account of Sense,
Without good Humour; Devil's see
Ten Thousand Matters more than we;
Yet are, 'cause Cruel, Fell, and Fierce,
The more they know, so much the worse.

J. But Sir, of you it must be said,
It is your Heart that crowns your Head.

A. That's so beneficent and good,
It bubbles Balm, instead of Blood.

J. So grand, so good, it is become
Our *Decus & Præsidium.*

A. And worthily is ſtyl'd the *Patron*
Of *Cantabrigian Alma Mater.*

J. Yes Sir, *ty Pater, Iru Patronus;*
Si deſeris; Lord have Mercy on us.

A. So, with ſubmiſſion, Sir, we pray
You'd pleaſe to hear us what we'd ſay.

J. And Sir, 'tis this we'd be upon;
We two wou'd go to *Trompington,*
With Wheat to grind. We'll lay our Necks,
We'll ſo prevent his thieving Tricks,
That for his Blood he ſhall not ſteal,
No not a Thimble full of Meal.

A. And when he ſees we watch his Water;
He'll never dare to ſteal hereafter.

J. Then Worthy, Honour'd Sir, we pray
Your Worſhip's Goodneſs would give way,
That we may go to morrow Morn,
As we have ſaid, to watch our Corn.

A. You are ſo Gracious and ſo Wiſe
To know and follow good Advice,
(For which the Lord be ever bleſt)
That we ne'er doubt it in the leaſt,
But that you'll grant us our Requeſt.

And thus they glozed fulſomely,
And paid him home with Flattery.
For wiſe old Men will never hear,
Unleſs you tickle up their Ear
With praiſe of Aged Sapience,
Diſcretion, Knowledge, Wiſdom, Senſe,
Which long Experience, Uſe, and Thought,
Have perfected, as well as taught.

At laſt they made a reverend Bow,
With high reſpect profoundly low;
And tho' their praying Tongues had done,
Their begging Eyes requeſted on.

Grave Warden made a little Pauſe,
And ſtroak'd his learned Beard and Jaws.
Then fixt his Eye upon the Ground,
With Aſpect thinking and profound;
Then pok'd his Finger in his Ear,
And twirl'd with ſuch a Motion there,
As tho' he wound up living Clock,
Anon its hammer Tongue thus ſtruck.

Ah Time, my Time! how doſt thou flee?
And yet how much I value thee!
King *Priam*, and all *Troy* I count,
Yea all the World, not tantamount.

I can remember well the time,
Young Lads, when 'twas a crying Crime,
An Impudence beyond a Pardon,
For Boys to ſpeak unto the Warden,
Unleſs he call'd 'em; But (d'ye ſee)
The times are alter'd mightily:
And thoſe good Days are gone and paſt,
And lo (d'ye ſee) we're come at laſt,
To th' Dregs oth' World, and Grounds and Grub:
For this round World is like a Tub;
And Time's the Liquor it contains,
Which ever drizzleth out, and drains
The ſaid great Tub. At firſt (d'ye ſee)
'Twas clear, without Impurity,
All Spirit fine. But ev'ry Hour,
Ran worſe and worſe, at length ran Sow'r:
And ſo by unperceiv'd degrees,
Tacito pede, the Poet ſays,
In theſe your Days it runs mere Lees.
Hence good old Cuſtomes are (alas!)
Left off, and bad uſurp their place,
So Honour due to Men of Age,
Whom wiſe Experience maketh ſage.

And unto Men of Dignity,
As this ſame I is now (d'ye ſee)
Is much neglected. Yet altho'
While I was young 'twas nothing ſo,
I'll do (d'ye ſee) as others do,
And ſuffer you to ſpeak.

But hold!

Youngſters, methinks you're ſomething bold.
If you opine, you're fit to fly,
And fetch Diſcretion from the Sky,
And Counſel wiſe; why then ſay I
Your callow Chins are certain proof,
Your Brains are ſcarcely fledg'd enough.
Young *Icarus* came tumbling down,
And ſo did flutt'ring *Phaëton*.
You think your ſelves *Neſtorian* wiſe,
When you thruſt on me your Advice;
But ſince you do't with ſome Reſpect,
I'll count it but a mere Defect
That's incident to Youth, to be
Thus underſtock'd with Modeſty,
And fill'd with Self-conceit (d'ye ſee)
Which goes off as Experience
Comes on, and teacheth ſounder Senſe.

But to th' Requeſt. Young Men, I ſee
Its Matter and Form perſpicuouſly,
Its firſt two Principles; but yet,
It wants the third to be compleat,
And that's Privation: So I give
Determination negative,
For many Reaſons I cou'd ſhew,
Had I but leiſure to to do.
For, as one well expreſſeth it,
My *otium non ſuppetit*.
But mind, Auſcult with open Ears;
I'll thred up ſome Particulars.
As to your ſad Complaint, I muſt,
And will acknowledge, 'tis but juſt,
The matter of Fact indeed is true;
And here (d'ye ſee) I cloſe with you.
In ſhort (I love to be but brief)
I poſitively do believe,
The Miller is an errant Thief.
But as to th' Means that you propoſe
For Remedy, I cannot cloſe;
Nor (young Men) can I be inclin'd,
To be directly of your Mind,

For weighty Reaſons I ſhall tell,
Obſerve (d'ye ſee) and heed 'em well.
And firſt, the Honour, and Dignity
Of *Cambridge* Univerſity
Will ſuffer Prejudice, I fear,
If once the ſcoffing World ſhou'd hear,
Our Scholars are employ'd ſo ill,
At to be ſent with Griſts to Mill.
Beſides the Meanneſs of it too,
It will be repreſented ſo,
As if we *Cantabrigians* took
More care for th' Butt'ry, than our Book.
But ſecondly (d'ye ſee) I ſay,
Were this Objection waſh'd away,
'Tis probable, the Care and Pain
You undertake will prove in vain.
For *Sympkin* is a cunning Thief;
And therefore truly, I believe,
Tho' you look on, yet he'll command,
Unſeen by you, his ſlight of Hand;
And ſo when you are gone from's Houſe,
He'll render you ridiculous;

And

And say mere Scholars are mere Fools;
And so our famous learned Schools
Breed only Woodcocks up and Owls.
But lastly, for I'll say no more,
'Cause I have urg'd enough before,
This Argument is not *ad rem*
So much as 'tis *ad hominem*;
For to your proper selves it is chief,
I'm horribly afraid of Mischief.
Sym's stout as *Hercules* in a Duel;
And as *Mezantius*, bloody cruel.
Now if he find you watch so well,
And cramp him that he cannot steal:
Or if you catch him in the Fact,
He'll certainly have no respect
Unto your Gowns; but strait fall foul
Upon you both: And by my Soul,
(D'ye see, young Men) and by my troth,
I fear it much, he'll slay you both.
Remember, Children, it was thus
With *Nisus* and *Eurialus*,
Two Head-strong Youths, as you may read,
I'th' ninth (I think 'tis) *Æneid*.

Then

Then when ſome ſad *Antilochus*
Brings News that κεῖ) Πάτροκλος,
How ſhall we moan, lament, and cry,
Alas! his *finis Priami!*
This Thought e'en makes my Heart to bleed,
And 'twere a dreadful thing indeed;
A direful Tragedy, good Lord,
As any Age cou'd e'er record.
And therefore be not raſh, but wiſe,
And follow temperate Advice.
Let this your odd Deſign alone,
And truſt to me; 'tis ten to one,
But I ſhall find a lucky Day,
To trap the Thief another way.
And then (good young Men) I'll redreſs
Your Injuries and Grievances.
So now repair both to your Study;
Take Time, while *tempus* is but *hodie*.
Thus ended good, old, grave Sir Noddy.

The titt'ring Younkers all the while,
Do what they cou'd, were like to ſmile
In's very Teeth, young Rogues, to ſee
Grave Warden's quaint Delivery.

For

For Hand, and Foot, and Head, and Face,
All mov'd at ev'ry emphatick Place.
To Eyes and Ears, he ſeem'd to ſpeak;
His Body was all Rhetorick.

An Ape ne'er looks ſo like an Ape,
As when he wears a Doctor's Cap.
Tho' many a Notion did remain
Stor'd up i'th' Archives of his Brain;
Yet they lay all ſo quiet there,
That of themſelves they would not ſtir.
And ſo, to make 'em budge, he did
At ev'ry Period jerk his Head.
They ſaw he play'd old Coxcomb gravely,
And ſpouted learned Nonſenſe bravely.
And when he told his Tale of Tub,
And how the Times were Grounds and Grub,
With preaching Looks, and poſitive Face,
As tho't had been Don *Socrates*;
Their Lungs recoil'd, and e'en betray'd
Their merry Senſe of what he ſaid.

But when ariſing by and by,
To dire cothurnate Trugedy;
Where *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Greece* and *Troy*,
All fagotted together lay

In complex Thought, and made old Owl
Look like a Dog at coſtive Stool,
With Shoulders up to's Ears, a ſtriving;
And Knees half bent, a ſtraining; giving
His Verjuice Face pathetick ſqueez,
Which made the Water ſtand in's Eyes;
They e'en laugh'd out; with much ado
Refrain'd, it took their Fancy ſo.
When he gave o'er his Eloquence,
They with profoundeſt Reverence
Attack again; and thus addreſs.

J. We ſeem too bold, Sir, we confeſs;
But, gracious Sir, when Needs do call,
Good Manners are diſpens'd withal.

A. We humbly know we are but Sizers,
And don't pretend to be Adviſers;
Eſpecially to one ſo wiſe,
He cannot need our poor Advice:
But only, Sir, becauſe we find
Your better Thoughts take up your Mind
From ſuch like mere corporeal Cares,
We're bold to be Remembrancers.
This neither ſhould we dare to be,
Were't not for pure Neceſſity.

J. For, Sir, 'twere hard, 'twere hard indeed,
Might we not pray for daily Bread.
Our croaking Bowels, Sir, we find
Are fill'd with nothing elſe but Wind:
That Wind's their Voice; and oh! they cry,
Poor *Colon*'s hungry and a dry.
Our Guts have Speech, yet have no Lungs;
And tell their Needs, yet have no Tongues.
And 'tis to you, Sir, they petition:
Oh! put on Bowels of Compaſſion,
According to your wonted faſhion.

A. Now, with Submiſſion and Reſpect,
As to the things you pleaſet' object;
We know our ſelves, and can't believe
That famous *Cambridge* can receive
Diſgrace from what we Sizers do:
Our Station is ſo very low,
We're little better than Bed-makers:
Mean Folk may be mean Undertakers.

J. As to the Miller's cunning, Sir,
We'll make him prove a ſilly Cur.
And were the Raſcal ne'er ſo wiſe;
He has but Two, but we Four Eyes.

A. You

A. You ſay he's ſtout; what tho' he be?
Look, we have Limbs as well as he.
Altho' he doth a huffing keep:
We value not his Boobyſhip,
Nor fear what he can do unto us:
Ne Herc'les quidem contra duos.

J. Then gracious Sir, regard our Woe,
For th' good o'th' College let us go,
And *Sym*'s Confuſion; good Sir, do.
The Warden ſomething ſatisfy'd,
And almoſt tired out beſide,
With ſo much Importunity,
And melted down with Flattery;
At length gave way they might repair,
Next Morn, according to deſire,
To th' Houſe of Wheels; which ſeem'd to look
Much like a monſtrous wooden Clock.
But here a mighty diff'rence lay:
Clocks tell how much Time ſteals away;
But when the Miller pilfers Meal,
Mills clack indeed, but never tell.

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

This Canto ſings juſt touching Ball Horſe
Long Converſation of the Scholars.
But 'cauſe the Story does not need it,
The Reader is not bound to read it.

JOHN one was called, *Allen* t'other;
And both were born and bred at *Strother*,
A Town far North; I know not where.
Next Morn they fitted up their Gear,
Flung off their Gowns, and put on Swords
And Bucklers, like two *Spaniſh* Lords
And (*cedant armis toge*) ſwagger'd;
And loaded *Ball* until he ſtagger'd,
The Warden's ſtone Horſe, luſty *Ball*:
So Horſe and Men equipped all,
Lo! out they troop'd, and ſo began
Their March, with little Caravan.
Like loaders to a Mill they walk'd,
But yet like Scholars thus they talk'd;

And

And being merry pleasant Rogues,
Had these ensuing Dialogues.

J. Methinks our Warden's like the Devil,
But please him and he's wond'rous civil.

A. When any Person doth exact
A deal of worshipful Respect,
I strait retire in Thought to know
What claim of Merit he can shew;
And if he's worthless; tho' his Station
Demand of me Subordination;
Yet all the while I must abhor,
And scorn the Fool I'm forc'd t'adore.

J. When Chaos liquid hodge-podge was,
Each piece of Matter took its place,
And settled low, or mounted high
According to the just degree
Of its intrinsick Gravity.
Oh! had grave Warden there been found,
His leaden Pate had twank'd him round;
And shew'd a mighty merry sight,
His Head i'th' Mud, his Heels upright.

A. I'th' order of things that live between
An Oyster and a Seraphin,

Nature has made his place to fall
Amongſt the good for nothing at all.

J. I'th' living Library of Men,
If you wou'd rightly put him in,
His due and proper Rank and Place is
I'th' loweſt Shelf o'th' loweſt Claſſis.

A. When Nature turn'd the Diſh of's Skull,
Inſtead of Brains, ſhe dipp'd it full,
Out of his Grandmother's Cloſe-ſtool.

J. Yet time and time I've heard it ſaid,
When th' Midwife brought his Mother a-bed
She quite forgot to clap on's Head.

A. Our haughty, trifling Tutor and he
May very well keep Company.

J. They weigh ſo like, add but a Chip,
'Twill make that end o'th' balance dip.

A. You lately made his Choler riſe,
And now you ſpeak with prejudice:
For as he Lectur'd he perceiv'd
That what he preach'd you ſcarce believ'd:
And ſo he box'd you: Reaſon's clear,
Faith ſhould be driven thro' the Ear.

J. A wiſe Man ventures not Diſcretion
So weakly as to be in Paſſion.

A. A wise Man He! Distinction save us!
Of *Sapientum* he's *Octavus.*

J. His Lectures are an even piece
Of Nonsense mixt with Sottishness,
O'er-charg'd with Speeches long and dry,
And tedious sage Tautology.

A. That like some Sermons more behalf
Incline a Man to sleep than laugh.

J. How strangely in him there accords
An Ebb of Sense, and Tide of Words!

A. So small's his Wit, and jumbl'd so
With Trash, it may be liken'd to
A Grain of Gold in Tuns of Dung,
Which thou shalt look for very long
Before thou find; and when thou dost,
'Twill prove not worth the search it cost.

J. Wit has he none; but reads to get
A thousand ends and thrums of Wit.

A. Odd scraps and shreds; *Apollo* bless us!
Sure 'tis a Rag-man of *Parnassus.*

J. Yet he pretends how infinitely
He's raptur'd with good Poetry.

A. And is (poor Bard) not Ballad high.

The

J. The Devil ſcow'r his Roads, and draw
A brace of Hedg-hogs thro' his Maw.

A. And then a Journey thro' him take,
Booted and ſpur'd, with Sithe at's Back.

J. Let's Body in Spicy Jakes and Gummy
Embalming lye to make a Mummy,
To give with wound Drinks, when the Elves
Have fought and bang'd and bruis'd themſelves.

A. Infernal Stink-pot ſtop up cloſe
His Spirit and Soul, to hold to th' Noſe
Of Satan's Wife when vaporous.

J. Pox take him! he's not worth a Curſe:
We can't find out a Subject worſe.
I'll ſtart another; let it be
The Clink and Blank of Poetry.

A. The Clink of Syllables call'd Rymes,
Brought in ith' barb'rous Runick times,
To ſober Criticks ſeems to be
A paultry part of Poetry,
Becoming Monkiſh dull Divines,
Who traded much in *Leonines*.

J. Altho' to ſpoil I ſhould be ſorry,
An undergraduate Antiquary,

Yet

Yet I'll produce a Line or two
Of *Leonines* in *Cicero*,
Before the Monks long time ago.

Calum miteſcere; Arbores frondeſcere;
Vites latiſcere, Pampinis pubeſcere;
Rami baccarum ubertate incurveſcere.

Tuſc. Quæſt. Lib. 1.

A. Antique, or Novel, matters not:
But it confines and hampers Thought,
And brings in Trifling: therefore I
Wou'd fling it out of Poetry;
Excepting ſuch, whoſe main intent
Is mere Burleſque and Merriment.

J. If any Perſon ſhould engage
Himſelf alone t' oppoſe the Age;
And moſt directly run his Face
Againſt the uſage of the Place;
Depend upon't, he will but harm
Himſelf, unleſs good Reaſon arm
And guard him; therefore let us ſee
How thoul't Explain and Amplifie.

A. When lab'ring Thought is working up
A noble Grandeur, then to ſtop

To

To pick up Crambo; that wou'd be,
As tho' an Eagle ſoaring high,
Shou'd ſtoop to th' Earth, to ſnap a Fly.

J. A Simile may be Like enough;
But never has the force of Proof.
Blanks hence I prove are not the beſt,
They're not in uſe, tho' eaſieſt.

A. Pierce Plowman th' oldeſt Poem is,
And that's all Blank; a famous Piece.
And from Tradition we have heard
Our Iſle ſhall boaſt a ſtone-blind Bard,
Whoſe noble Fire and Stile ſublime,
And Numbers ſweet without a Ryme,
Shall give th' Angelick Hierarchy
Another Immortality,
And ſhall regain to Paradiſe
A ſort of ſecond Happineſs.
It's only, *Homer*, *Virgil*, and He
That can diſpute Supremacy.
All Poets elſe, before and ſince,
Muſt not preſume to take Offence,
But pay them duteous Deference.

A. This ſeems Romance, and I believe
Your ſaid Tradition may deceive;

For

For th' Fabrick of our Speech is rough,
And ſcarcely numerous enough.
The *Greek* and *Latin* both admit
A vaſt variety of Feet,
Which *Engliſh* wants; and therefore ſcarce
Fits any but Iambick Verſe.
Dactyls and Spondees it can ſhew;
But truly they're ſo very few,
And ſo fantaſtick they're employ'd
On Joke and Song, not much beſide.
A. You baſely join with Foreigners,
Who pluck down Ours, to ſet up Theirs.
Many particulars I cou'd ſhew
How Ours excells, but One may do.
This Excellency doth belong
Peculiar to our *Engliſh* Tongue;
Its Emphaſes, and Accents are
Reſpectively as Things require
Where th' Mind ſhould dwell, ſtill changing place,
And by this eaſie Artifice,
Diſtinctly tell us what to heed,
And where's the ſtreſs of all that's ſaid.
But Foreign Nations can't expreſs
With ſo compos'd an Handſomeneſs.

Inſtead

Inſtead thereof, are forc'd to uſe
A Thouſand Mimick Monkey ſhews.

J. That's true: and further I'll advance,
I hate your *A-la-mode de France*,
A Mountebanking Pulpiteer;
Who that he may put off his Ware,
Flounces about with all his Force,
And works and ſweats like any Horſe.
With many a Hem, and many a Thump,
Thraſhes Divinity like Hemp.
And Sows (good Man) with both his Hands,
The Seed oth' Word i'th' Laity Lands.

A. This bodily Divinity
Is ſuited to the Mobile,
Who's mov'd with only what they ſee.
On t'other ſide, its heavenly fine,
To ſee a Reverend Divine,
Sedate and Calm as tho' he were
A truly Angelick Meſſenger;
With ſerious Mien, and ſolemn Voice
Deliver ſmoothly all he ſays.

J. Why then from hence we may deduce,
'Twou'd be a thing of excellent uſe,

To have i'th' Univerſity,
Maſters to teach Delivery.

A. No by no means; their modey Rules
Wou'd Pedants breed, and formal Fools.

J. I'd force no Rules; for I agree
Your pos'tive Rules teach Pedantry:
Since they break in upon, and ſpoil
Ones nat'ral Genius, Thought, and Style;
And make him Ignorant and Stiff,
Affected, Ratling, Poſitive.
I'd have the Maſter only ſhew,
Not what they ſhould, but ſhould not do;
Teach Negatively: ſo we read
O'th' Ten Commandments, Eight forbid.
Thus Nature's ſav'd, the Scholar's free
From Faults of Forms and Pedantry.

A. Meherc'le, adepol, apage!
Ith' name of Dulneſs, how fell we
On ſuch flat Themes of Gravity?

J. It bodes not well: 'ware treach'rous Fate,
Pray Heav'n this Day prove fortunate!
A Dram of merry Converſation
Is worth a Pound of Contemplation.

A. Then let us take a Dram or two
Of *Aganippe* as we go.

J. I take the Hint of what you ſay;
But yet of what great uſe, I pray'e
Can verſifying ever be
To us that are for th' Miniſtry?
For I'm perſuaded we ſhall ſcarce
E'er pen new Pſalms, or preach in Verſe.

A. Nor ſcan our Prayers neither; yet
It ſerves to ſharpen up our Wit,
And helps Invention mightily;
So 'tis of uſe you muſt agree.

J. Such frothy ſorts of flaſhy Wit
And ſolid Sapience never meet.
None argues thus, His Wit is fine,
Ergo He is a ſound Divine.
Believ't, a Poet that excels
Is moſtly good at nothing elſe;
For Fancy works ſo in the Skull
And blows it up ſo ſtretching full,
That there is left no room at all
For Judgment truly practical:
So he's as fit, you'll eas'ly gueſs,
For any ſolid Buſineſs,

As

As one a-dream'd, whoſe Fancy keeps
Awake, but yet his Reaſon ſleeps.
And when theſe Chimes go once i'th' Brain,
They'll very hardly ceaſe again;
But dong ſuch everlaſting Peals,
They'll drown the noiſe of all things elſe.
To ſpeak at once, it is no leſs,
Than uſeleſs, buſie Idleneſs.

A. Your great Objections ſeem to lie
Againſt th' Abuſe of Poetry,
And not it's Uſe: For hark'ye me,
You can't aſſert that eve'ry one
Is drunk that drinks at *Helicon.*
A Man may have fine Fancy, yet
Not be a ſlight fantaſtick Wit;
For ſeveral (you know) of thoſe,
That wrote the Scriptures, wrote not Proſe.

J. If I ſhou'd evermore contend,
And you rejoin, we ne'er ſhou'd end.
But come (as 'tis our uſual faſhion)
Let's ſee each others laſt Tranſlation.
And be (good Criticks ſhould be ſo)
Sharp ſighted, yet ſweet natur'd too.

A. Yes, your true Criticks ſearch no leſs
For Beauties than for Blemiſhes.

J. Come on, if thou dare mangle mine,
I'll cut as many holes in thine.

A. I'd have thee know, if thou art ſharp,
My Fowl is Rail, my Fiſh is Carp.

J. Thy Fiſh is Cod's-head, and thy Fowl
Is pitiful, poor, purblind Owl.

A. Our Tutor ſignify'd his pleaſure,
We ſhould employ a longer Meaſure
Than is i'th' Copy; for, quoth he,
Altho' its Subject's Gravity,
It's Meaſure ſkippeth wantonly;
And ſerious Matters don't belong
To dancing Lyricks, and a Song.

J. Beſides, he granted courteouſly
A lawleſs length of Liberty,
And did not rig'rouſly confine
Tranſlation unto Line for Line;
For Paraphraſe is leſs offence,
Than ſtifling up an Author's Senſe.

A. 'Tis more commendable to uſe
Such Garments as hang on but looſe,

And

And ſo are eaſie worn than ſuch
As wring, and pinch, and cramp too much.
Great Authors are (in my conceit)
When button'd up ſo very ſtrait,
Like Apes in Doublets: He that looks
On *Homer*'s, or on *Virgil*'s Books,
Muſt judge 'em pen'd by Inſpiration;
Whereas our *Engliſh* ſtiff Tranſlation
Has made a ſhift to repreſent
Both worſt of Poets now in print.

J. In very truth it muſt be ſo
As often as we ſtrain to go,
Juſt Foot by Foot an Author's pace,
We cobble where he makes a grace.
For where he proveth moſt acute
We bungle grievouſly to do't
Within his Compaſs; ſo from hence
We botch where he has greateſt Senſe.

A. And certainly there does belong
To ev'ry Man, and ev'ry Tongue
Peculiar turns; and then if we
Expreſs the ſame it needs muſt be

By paraphraſe: The want of this
Has made Tranſlation ſuch as 'tis,
The Sin and Scandal of the Preſs.

J. But further yet; I'm of the mind
Tranſlators need not be confin'd
To juſt their Authors Thoughts, but may
When any Hint comes in their way,
Purſue their own new Thoughts, and make
Sir Author ſtay till they come back.

A. Allow'd, provided yours and his
Look uniform, all of a piece.
For ſhould you patch a Tiſſue Gown
With Buckram Patches up and down,
You'd make a Jeſt for all the Town.

J. I likewiſe love to pick and chuſe,
And here and there perhaps refuſe,
When 'tis not fit for my Conceit,
Nor pat to th' Purpoſe I'd be at.

A. Or proves ſo knotty that you ſcarce
Can plain it ſmooth enough for Verſe.

J. Yes truly, I muſt needs confeſs,
Sometimes that is my very Caſe.

A. But then if we do as we ſay,
Thus alter, add, or take away,

It

It can't be term'd in any wiſe
Tranſlation, but an Exerciſe.
You loſe an Author quite unleſs
You foot it with him juſt his pace.
J. A Pacer to a Book's an hobler,
A true Tranſlator's but a Cobler.
I'd have it ſuch a finiſh'd Piece
It ſhould require no References:
So full and juſt you ſhould not call
It Copy, but Original,
And ſtill read well, altho' the Book
Were loſt for ever whence 'twas took.
A. I'd ha't ſo too, methinks, but yet
I rather hope than wiſh to ſee't.
O Times! O Manners! how are we
Corrupted in our Poetry?
I'th' Age when Sack was all the faſhion
Good Poets flouriſh'd thro' the Nation;
But when the *Pyrenean* Treaty
Was violated thro' the City,
French red Coat Claret bearing ſway
Dragoon'd reformed Wit away.

J. Our

J. Our Claret Age, for all your huff,
Can ſhew heroick Verſe enough:
A. But 'tis moſt lamentable ſtuff:
All Bounce and Bubble like a Beau,
And with as little Meaning too:
But ſtrip it of its tawdry Dreſs,
Its Epithets and Similies,
And write it down in naked Proſe,
Then pray obſerve but how it ſhews:
So worthleſs, weak and wretched poor,
'Twill raiſe your Scorn or Pity more
Than ever it before had done
Your Envy or Admiration.
J. But for our Satyrs, they are writ,
You muſt confeſs, with Strength and Wit.
A. But they are never juſt and fit
To th' Mark, but always aimed ſo
They ſhoot too high, or elſe too low:
So making but a random Shot
Their harmleſs Thunder ends in Smoak.
Your Elegies and Paſtorals,
Songs, Epigrams and Madrigals,
Are ſounds that pleaſe a Fool, but make
An Head that has its Senſes ake.

J. Why

J. Why then if thus you diſallow
Of all our modern Poets do;
What may be wrote? Pray can you tell?

A. Heroick ſort of Doggerel,
And that's the very higheſt pitch
Our Poets now a-days can reach.

J. But we forget what we're about;
Come read your Stuff, we'll have it out.

A. Your Fancies of vaſt Excellence,
Have ſuch a ſmack of pure Romance
They'll dwindle into wretched Senſe.

J. 'Tis ever ſeen affected Fools
Can give, but cannot follow Rules.

A. I laugh to think how gentle *John*
That deems himſelf the Muſes Son,
So high our Expectation rears
'Twill quickly fall about his Ears.

J. I dare not think Diſcretion's ſafe
In one that's given ſo to laugh;
For th' Soul can never ſteady ſit
Where th' Head has got a ſhaking Fit;
Then laugh on, *Dolr*, till my Tranſlation
Convert thy Scorn to Admiration.

A. Thy

A. Thy Author trembles ev'ry Limb
To think how thou wilt torture him.

J. Half-headed Sots are moſt ſevere,
And ſtill they judge before they hear.

A. He has a ſtock of Impudence
That pleads a word in thy Defence.

J. Thy Muſe has Kibes and Corns, and ſcarce
Can ſtumble o'er thy ragged Verſe.

A. Behold thy Accents how they lie;
We ſhould pronounce in Poetry
Juſt as in Proſe, thou doſt it wrong,
Thy Long is Short, thy Short is Long.

J. Sir Critick, I'll pay off your Score:
Your oblique Caſes ſtrut before
Your Verb, and Peak-noſe Nom'native
Crawls ſniv'ling after: As I live,
You thruſt true *Engliſh* out of courſe,
And ſet the Cart before the Horſe.

A. Whene'er the Mind ſhou'd chiefly reſt
Upon the Nom'native, 'tis beſt
To ſet it in the Sentence laſt.

J. That's granted when it fairly appears
That Senſe and Reaſon ſo requires;

But

But when the Caſe is nothing ſuch,
'Tis falſe Poſition, 'tis a Botch.

A. Beſides, Grammarian, but allow
The common Licence others do;
Our Words we may in Verſe tranſpoſe,
Much more than we may do in Proſe.

J. No Verſe or Proſe can ſo diſpence
With Nonſenſe as to make it Senſe.

A. Your choiceſt Words are Countrey courſe;
Or elſe affected, which is worſe.

J. You pick ſome antiquated Stuff,
And ſome you patch in new enough;
Becauſe mere Jargon, ſenſeleſs ſound,
In no good *Engliſh* Author found.
What *Horace* ſays is true it ſeems,
A Fool is ever in Extreams.

A. The Words your Wiſdom haps to chuſe
Are rumbling and ſuperfluous;
And all (good Man) to fardle out
A crabbed Crambo, and gouty Foot.

J. Your beſt Conceits run low and mean,
Your chief Expreſſions are ſo lean
They can't ſubſiſt in Poetry,
Without large Chriſtian Charity.

A. Your

A. Your Fancy jogs on grievous dull,
And all you have that's good, you ſtole;
And have been at a Feaſt perhaps
Of Poetry and ſtole the Scraps.

J. I'd tell you, tho' you were a Lord,
I ſcorn the ſlander of that Word;
My Magazine is not ſo low
That I need plunder Books like you.
I ſay you lye: Guds bodikin!
The proudeſt He that wears a Pen
Writes not more free from Theft than I;
My Brain's too rich to ſteal ſupply.

A. I fear ſo very courſe a whet
May turn thy tender-edge of Wit.

J. Thy Wit muſt make a Break e'er long,
Thou'rt ſuch a Spendthrift of thy Tongue.

A. Thy filthy poyſon Tongue has got
A noiſome Fiſtula, God wot,
Which ever runs, and can't be cur'd,
And cannot hardly be endur'd.

J. Thou Son of Madneſs, rumour goes,
That from thy Mind thy Tongue's broke looſe,
And is to ſerve, when't can be ta'en,
At top of *Bedlam* for a Vane.

A. There

A. There, getting Voice, Beware, 'twill cry,
(*Moorfieldian John* a shrugging by)
O'th' Beggar and Thief of Poetry.

J. But (serious) why am I deny'd
The use of Authors that I read?
What I digest, and turn to Juice,
Becometh mine; and I may use
My own, I hope, and yet not be
Accus'd of Petty-Larceny.
Tho' you indeed that have no Wit
May read, and nothing benefit:
Yet no Man can, what e'er he be,
Pretend to All-Sufficiency:
That were to be a Deity.
And *Virgil* empty'd, we are told,
Old *Ennius* Jakes, to find his Gold:
If He had need of such Supply,
And took such Pains, why may not I?

A. His Pains and thine were different:
He pick'd up Ore, thou Excrement.
But I'll give leave, thou art so poor,
To beg at ev'ry Author's Door.
And sometimes I my self may hap
To want a charitable Scrap.

J. This Liberty all Poets have;
And this I give; and this I crave.

A. A Poet thou? and can'ſt not make
Rhimes fit to fringe an Almanack.

J. Thy Rhimes are woful, thou can'ſt ſcarce
Oblige a Bell-man with a Verſe.

A. If *Orpheus* Lute had Being now,
'Tis ſure, *Apollo* would allow
'Twere but my due; That Lute whoſe Shell
Was made of ſome great Poet's Scull;
And whoſe ſweet Strings, that twang'd ſo well,
Were made of Guts of *Philomel*.

J. A Lute made of an Aſſes Head,
And Screech-Owls Guts, were fit indeed
For thee at an Infernal Revel,
To ſcratch upon to ſcare the Devil.

A. Hold exc'llent Rogue; we have enough
Of this ſame rude Romantick Stuff.
And we're arriv'd at *Trompington*:
Look, there's the Miller's Female Son.

J. That flirting, flowndring Filiaſter,
The Parſon's Daughter's Nurſe-child's Siſter.

A. Great ſwinging *Betty*, bouncing *Beſs*,
As tall as *Pauls*; and not much leſs.

J. She's

J. She's such a Giantess, her Taylor,
Can't take her Height, but like a Sailor
With *Jacob's* Staff; and is not able
To take her Girth without a Cable.

A. Her Daddy deems her woundy pretty.

J. She deems her self most hugeous witty.

A. A Woman that sets up for fair,
Is ever out of due Repair.

J. A Woman that sets up for Wit,
Like *German* Clocks, strikes never right.
Thus went the rallying Scholars, till
They happily arriv'd at Mill.

CANTO. IV.

The ARGUMENT.

They shew their Strength of Soul, by Cunning:
And Strength of Body too, by running:
At length lamenting, wet, and weary
Return to Sym's *resolv'd to tarry.*

JOHN open'd first, and said to Sym,
In jolly manner greeting him:

Good Morn, old Boy, how do'ſt thou do?
How does ſweet pretty Damſel too
Thy Daughter? Faith how does thy Wife?
Quoth *Symkin*, welcome by my Life,
Both *John* and *Allen*; Faith and Troth
I'am heart'ly glad to ſee you both.
But I muſt tell you, I admire
Moſt plaguily to ſee you here.
May *Sym* ne'er eat a Pudding more,
If e'er I ſaw the like before.
For Scholars uſe to be ſo proud
They think themſelves (forſooth) too good
To carry Griſts to Mill to grind,
Tho' for themſelves: methinks, who find
Themſelves too good to carry't ſo,
Shou'd be too good to eat it too.
Now therefore *John* and *Allen* tell,
What wond'rous Wind drove you to Mill?
Says *Allen*, he muſt not diſdain
To ſerve himſelf, that has no Swain,
(As ſaith the Proverb, *Sym*) and ſo
This is our Caſe at preſent now.
For th' Manciple is ſick a-bed,
And wou'd to God the Rogue were dead;

Since there can never come in's room
A worſe; unleſs the Devil come.
Quoth *Symkin*, Faith, it ſhall be ground
As faſt as Mill-ſtone can run round.
What will you do while 'tis in hand?
Says *John*, by th' Hopper I will ſtand,
To ſee the Wheat-Corns rinpling paſs,
Like Sand i'th' upper Hour-glaſs.
And when the Hopper ſeems to get
A waggling, ſhaking, Ague Fit,
'Twill pleaſe my Fancy much to ſee't.
Then wily *Allen* ſaid, oh ho!
My Maſter *Jonny*, will ye ſo?
I'll have my Sport as well as you,
And mark how th' Meal runs into th' Trough
In pretty Shapes, as tho' it try'd
To raiſe a duſty Pyramid;
True Hieroglyph of Humane Pride,
Which evermore, as't doth attain
A little Height, runs down again.
The cunning Miller ſmil'd to ſee
Their quaint Conceits and Subtilty,
And judged all was but a Wile:
Now they conceive none can beguile

Their wond'rous Wiſdoms with a Trick:
But if I don't, I'll break my Neck,
And Good-men Wiſeakers, I'll try,
For all your fine Philoſophy,
For all your *Latin*, *Greek*, and Logick,
Do both your beſt, I'll ſpoil your Project.
The cunninger you think to make
Your ſelves, the deeper Toll I'll take.
Me all your Eyes, do what you can:
Inſtead of Meal, I'll give you Bran.
The greateſt Clerks ha'n't ever been
In Buſineſs the wiſeſt Men.
I value not your Craft a Tare,
(As once the Wolf ſaid to the Mare)
For all your *Cambridge* Wit's ſo rare.

So very ſlily out he ſlid
Behind the Mill, where Ball was ty'd;
And ſlipt his Bridle off, and then
Immediately ſtole in again,
And kept the Scholars Company,
And talk'd a deal of Ribaldry;
Clubb'd with 'em for three Pots of Ale;
And told a curſed ſmutty Tale;

Broke

Broke many a Jeſt for Miller's Fit,
Where Bawdy ſerves inſtead of Wit.

Mean while the Mill went merrily round,
Until at length their Griſt was ground:
And all was ſafe; and ſo at laſt
'Twas put i'th' Bags, and ty'd up faſt.

Now both applaud themſelves, that they
Had manag'd things in ſuch a way:
And watch'd the Miller Thief ſo well,
He cou'd not cheat 'em of their Meal.
Were pleas'd, and proud, (I warrant ye)
As *Hercules* himſelf, when he
Had foil'd the Rogue of *Aventine*,
That made a Trade of ſtealing Kine:
And ſmil'd, and ſneer'd, and ſcorned *Sym*,
They had ſo neatly muzzled him;
So overmatch'd the trickiſh Blade,
He could not exerciſe his Trade:
And made his Body, (to his Grief)
Keep honeſt, when his Soul's a Thief.

Now ſteps out *John*, to fetch Horſe *Ball*,
To carry home their Griſts withal:
But gone was *Ball*, when now they lack him;
Confounded Jade, a Horſe-pox take him.

For ſoon as ever *Symkin* ſtrip'd
His Bridle off, away he leap'd,
Kick'd, ſqueak'd, and run thro' thick and thin
To Mares, that graſed in the Fen.

At this croſs Hap, mad raging *John*
Swore faſter than his Horſe cou'd run;
And curſt all Beaſts that Burthen carry,
From Emmet up to Dromedary.
Then bawl'd out *Allen*, *Allen*, hey!
Our dev'liſh Horſe is got away.
Come out, for God's ſake, *Allen*, run,
Fly, *Allen*, fly; we're quite undone.

Allen ſurprized at his Cry,
Ran ſtaring out immediately;
Forgot his Meal; for he had Tow
Upon another Diſtaff now.
And gaped out, God bleſs us, *John*!
Which way's this curſed Stone-horſe run?

The Wife came running, leaping in,
And ſaid, Uds-lid! he's fled to th' Fen,
And neighs, and roars, and kicks, and ſtares,
And leaps like mad among the Mares.
The Devil take that Hand for me,
That ty'd him up ſo carelefly.

Saith

Saith *John*, my Sword I'll lay by now;
And prithee *Allen*, ſo do thou;
We lack no Arms; but Legs, I trow.
I'll run like any *Iriſh* Man,
O'er theſe ſame Bogs, and if he can
Eſcape us both with joined Force,
He is the Devil of an Horſe.
Had'ſt thou but ſhut him in the Shed,
He had been ſafe, old Jolter-head.
With that they cours'd about the Bogs,
And dabbled like two Water Dogs.

When *Sympkin* ſaw the Coaſt was clear,
To th' utmoſt of his Heart's Deſire,
The thieving Rogue made bold to take
A wicked Toll to make a Cake;
And gave't his Wife to wet and knead,
And laught, and bad her bake't with ſpeed
E'er they return. They ſate by th' Mill
To watch; and I perceiv'd it well,
Were mighty wary and preciſe,
And thought themſelves prodigious wiſe;
And cunning enough to deal with me;
Yet, Wife, a Miller here you ſee,

For

For all their Arts and Sciences,
Can beard theſe Scholars as he pleaſe.
E'en let their Wiſdoms go their way;
Lo how the Children ſport and play!
Halloe ſwift Scholars! ſee the Cob
Has giv'n 'em both a plaguey bob.
Look, *John* is tumbled in a Ditch;
And hath baptiz'd his learned Breech.
That *Allen* runs like any Stag,
Yet can't o'ertake the wild Beaſt Nag.
There! Ball has kick'd, and broke his Girt,
And flung his Pannel all i'th' Dirt;
Horſe-hunting is a noble Sport.
I ſwear they dourſe both of 'em tightly,
Yet they'll not catch 'em very lightly.
Now look to't, Ball, thou'rt in a hook:
Guds ſo! I fear thou wilt be took.
Wou'd I were nigh thee with a Switch.
Pox! Neck or nothing; leap the Ditch;
Or elſe Captivity will now
Be both thy Lot, and Merit too:
For well deſerves he Slavery,
That will not leap for Liberty.

Hey!

Hey! well play'd Ball: Bull's got away.
The Jade is like to hold 'em play,
For what I yet perceive, all Day.
Thus gibed *Sym*, while Wife and Daughter
Were like to ſtain their Smocks for Laughter.
For tho' they were a good way off,
They might diſcern all clear enough,
Since there's no Hedge, nor Buſh i'th' Fen,
Nor Hill nor Dale to intervene
And ſpoil the Sight o'th' pleaſant Scene.
The ſilly Scholars run and ſweat,
And curſe, and ſwear, and fume, and fret,
And toil, and moil, and play their parts,
E'en like to break their very Hearts.
Ho Ball! keep *Allan*: *John*, keep there:
Go whiſtle thou; I'll ſtop him here.
The Devil take you, *John*, for me:
Who'd think you'd let him thus get by?
That any Jade ſhou'd fool us thus!
He flies as ſwift as *Pegaſus*.
And thus they try'd with Main and Might,
And could not catch him 'till 'twas Night:
Nor had they then, but that at length
Luck help'd them more than Wit or Strength.

For

For then, alas, by great miſhap,
A Quick-ſand caught him like a Trap;
And ſo they took him napping there,
As *Moſs* is ſaid to catch his Mare.

Have you e'er ſeen a ſcolding Trull
Come dropping from a Ducking-ſtool?
Or *London* Cit come lag home late,
That took long Walk to recreate?
Or flippant Miſtreſs neatly bit,
That thought her ſelf a ſtinging Wit?
So wet, ſo weary, and ſo vex'd,
So waſh'd, ſo tir'd, and ſo perplex'd,
Were *John* and *Allen*; ſcarce refrain
From Tears, great Boobies, and complain,
Bewail, and moan, tho' all in vain.

Alas, that we bred up i'th' Schools,
Shou'd be a Laughing-ſtock to Fools!
Our Meal is ſtole, we're put upon;
We've had a diſmal Afternoon.
Had we conſider'd, and diſcours'd
Our Scheme and Project well at firſt,
'Twou'd have appear'd undoubtedly,
So whimſical and maggotty,

So senseless, rakish, scandalous,
That we shou'd ne'er have acted thus.
We did not mind nor value a Farthing
The Counsel of good natur'd Warden;
But grin'd and jeer'd, but now we see
'Twas we were Fools, in truth, not he.
Henceforth how shall we shew our Faces,
For all will call us Miller's Asses.
We merit richly (we must own)
To be the talk of all the Town.
Of two Knight-Errants they will tell,
Of Giant and inchanted Mill,
And what Adventures them befell.
Thus we shall serve but for a whet
For ev'ry sharp ill natur'd Wit;
For most Men make no difference
'Twixt want of Luck and want of Sense.
The Warden and our Fellows all,
The emptiest Ideot in our Hall
Will scorn and scoff, and gibe and jeer,
Whenever we two Things appear.
The very Jippos too will grin
And laugh us e'en out of our Skin.

Nay Toad-fac'd Bed-makers, whoſe Place is
To ſerve, will blow, with rude Grimaces,
Their ſnotty Frumps into our Faces:
And as we're walking up and down,
The Mob will cry, Look yonder's *John*
And *Allen* (Sirs) of *Trompington.*
And then the errant'ſt Fool that paſſes,
The very Townſmen, Lads and Laſſes,
(The Lord look down in Mercy on us)
Will point and flout, and piſs upon us.

The Miller too, his Daughter and Wife,
I warrant have led a merry Life,
To ſee us run about and courſe,
And dabble after th' helliſh Horſe,
While they were putting on us Tricks,
That thought our ſelves Sir Politicks.

Alas! alas! what ſhall we do,
And whither, whither ſhall we go?
Where Tongues can tell, and Ears can hear,
Our Shame will meet us ev'ry where:
And we, a pair of caſt-out Fools,
Muſt creep by Night with Bats and Owls.

What ſquinting Planet rul'd the Skies
When we began this Enterprize,

And

And shed ill luck, and made us thus
Insuff'rably ridiculous?
Our Manciple is sick a-bed,
Wou'd we had been so in his stead;
As feaverish, as dang'rous ill,
When Mischief sent us thus to Mill.
'Twere better in a sick Bed lie,
Take Doctor's Stuff, so quickly dye,
Than live with killing Infamy.
And thus lamenting their Mis-haps,
With wounded Hearts and weary Steps,
The Water squashing in their Shoes,
They 'wail along to Miller's House,
Both towing *Ball*, who sullen now,
And melancholy as *Eachard*'s Cow,
Held back and wou'd not please to go:
And ride they cou'd not, 'cause the Girt
Was broke, and th' Pannel cas'd with Dirt;
And drive they durst not, 'cause they find
He'd made a Leg to them behind:
So pull they must with Sweat and Sorrow,
As hard as if they'd drawn a Harrow.
How crossly goeth ev'ry thing!
Poor Scholars! now well may ye sing

Fortune's my Foe; yet Sages say,
When Fates command we muſt obey
With willing Minds, or they by force
Will drag you as you draw your Horſe.
One Comfort yet pray underſtand,
'Tis good to walk with Horſe in Hand.
Oft times ill Chance, Loſs, Pains and Cares,
Great Exigencies, Griefs and Fears,
Come cluſter'd like the ſeven Stars;
And ſo 'twas here. To add more weight,
And make their Miſchiefs up compleat,
Sol's Nags had drawn his Coach down Hill
E'er they cou'd tug their *Cob* to Mill;
And't grew ſo late and dark that they
Had much ado to find their way;
Steer'd ſometimes wrong and ſometimes right,
Were ſo diſpirited they quite
Deſpair'd of getting there that Night;
But were reſolved if they did,
They'd turn *Sym*'s Hogs out of their Bed,
And pig in there themſelves inſtead.

CANTO V.

The ARGUMENT.

Sym gibeth firſt, then granteth Quarters,
They feaſt and frolick all like Porters,
Wet and relax; till grown ſo limber,
They ſcarce can crawl up into th' Chamber.

AT length they reach to *Sym*'s, and there
They find him lolling in a Chair
By th' Fire ſide at fulleſt eaſe,
Becauſe his Conſcience was at peace,
And ſatisfy'd that for that Seaſon
He had been Rogue enough in reaſon.
The Puppies look like Rats half drown'd,
Their Garments were ſo run a-ground;
Their Souls ſo ſunk into their Breeches,
That leering worſe than new ſwom Witches,
They whine out, We're unfortunate,
And, Maſter *Simon*, 'tis ſo late,
We're locked out of College Gate.
Beſides, we are ſo wet and weary
That go we can't, but needs muſt tarry,

And beg a lodging here one Night,
And if you pleaſe to grant we might,
For God's ſake, Maſter *Simon*, do,
We'll pay you Thanks and Money too.
The Miller ſaid again, Gud's fiſh!
My Houſe is leſs than I cou'd wiſh;
But ſuch as 'tis with all my Heart,
You ſhall, Sir Scholars, have your part.
But you are Learn'd, and I have heard
A many many times aver'd,
You'll make a Mile of twenty Foot,
And dint of Argument ſhall do't.
Now ſee if my ſmall Room ſuffice,
If not, I'd have you Syllogize,
And make it grow that's now ſo ſmall,
Until it bulk with Scholar's Hall,
Sym's Palace then has place for all.
Says *Allen* ſmiling, by Lord *Harry*,
Now, Maſter *Simon*, you are merry:
And He's a Fool that's always ſad;
Long Grief will make a wiſe Man mad.
We Travellers muſt bear a mind
To reſt content with what we find.

From ancient Hiſtories we learn,
Great Kings have lodged in a Barn:
The fruit of all Philoſophy
Is Eaſineſs and Apathy.

Things are not ſimply good or bad
Of their own Natures, but are made
Such by our Minds which mint 'em ſo;
And then (like Coin) for ſuch they go.
The Mob of Men whoſe Fancy hangs
On th' Superficies of things,
Admireth Greatneſs, 'cauſe they ſee
It ſounds and glitters gloriouſly,
And ſtrikes their Senſe; for Brutes they live,
Not rational Souls, but ſenſitive:
Whereas a ſound Intelligence
That lives on Mind as well as Senſe,
Looks thro' the Farce, and plainly ſees,
All's Vanity of Vanities.
But Happineſs indeed's a State
That's perfect, quiet and ſedate.
A ſilent Calm, ſerene and fair,
As th' Heavens of th' eleventh Sphere,
Where th' ever-bleſſed Spirits are;

Who

Who happy reſt, and never know
This thundring Noiſe and Lightning ſhew.
Look where you will you'll never ſee't
That Great and Happy ever meet.
As for my part, pray God me bleſs
From Hurricanes of Happineſs
That toſs the Soul; I'd rather lie
I'th' Haven of Obſcurity
Securely hulling. Health and Peace
And juſt ſo much as ſatisfies,
Is all I want of Happineſs.
Moſt certainly a little Matter
Sufficeth all the needs of Nature:
And what's beyond is Pageantry,
Is Grief, Vexation, Vanity.
The nobleſt Palaces of Kings
Are ſtately, but unquiet Things;
Whereas a little Tenement
Has often in it great Content.
Diogenes both liv'd and dy'd
Within a Tub ſo ſatisfy'd
He ſcorn'd great *Sander* in his Pride.
An hearty Welcom's all we crave,
And that (we thank'ye) here we have.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe grave *Seneca* ſhou'd be
So proud of his Humility,
As to vouchſafe to ſit him down,
In ſome vile Hog-ſtye in his Gown;
And there diſcourſe, and have a Boar
And Sow and Pig for Auditor.
Tho' he might have an Angel's Tongue
They'd be uneaſie all along,
And little edify'd, I gueſs,
By's fine Harangues of Happineſs;
Juſt ſo 'twas here. When he had done
Great booby *Sympkin* thus begun,
And ſaid,
Sir *Allen*, I can find
You're not ſo beaten out of Wind,
By either hunting of your Horſe,
Or drawing when he hung an A——
(Sir Rev'rence! I ſhou'd ſay a Breech)
But you have ſtill enough to preach.
Says *John*, this *Allen*'s Woodcock's Bill
Muſt needs be op'ning in a Mill,
As tho' it were the Ethick Schools.
But 'tis the guiſe of pedant Fools

To

To deafen all the Company
With musty sage Morality.
H'll jabber to an Ostler *French*,
Squirt *Latin* at a Washer Wench;
Or make a Compliment perhaps
To worshipful Sir Jackanapes.

There's nothing ever can do good,
But where 'tis truly understood;
There's nothing shews its Worth and Grace,
But in its proper Time and Place.
We love not, Goodman Jobbernol,
Sermons of Happiness and Soul,
While hungry Body is so loud
At Common Prayers for its Food.

Come, honest *Simon*, what dost think?
If thou canst get us Meat and Drink,
We'll tap a merry Night for once,
For Fates have staid us here for th' nonce.
Fall back fall edge, for what we call,
Good faith, our Pence shall pay for all.
Look here they lie i'th' leathern Gaol,
But I'm resolv'd to take their Bail.

Heark

Heark how their Fetters clink, but I
Will set 'em all at liberty,
And laugh to see the jingling Gaol-birds fly.

Sym hugely pleas'd cries, I protest
This *John*'s too mad to make a Priest,
But *Allen*'s so demure a Youth
That Butter scarce will melt in's Mouth.
He'll never wed, I'll lay my Life,
For Modesty ne'er gains a Wife.
When Women see a modest Sot
They'll praise him, but they like him not.
My *Bess* shall buss him by and by,
She'll make him blush confoundedly.

And then he ty'd their Horse i'th Mill,
Laid Hay and Oats to eat his fill;
And bade 'em welcome to his House,
And said, Dame Wife, go roast the Goose
Your Father sent; I fear 'tis lean,
For 'tis a tythe Goose, Gentlemen.

Then sent his Daughter upon speed
To purvey Loaves and Ale and Mead;
Remov'd the Chests and other Lumber
That crammed up his little Chamber;

Set up a Bed behind the Door,
And will'd dame Wife to cover't o'er,
With Sheets and Blankets dry and clean
For theſe two honeſt Gentlemen.
I'th' ſelf-ſame Chamber *Betty* too
Their Daughter lay, it muſt be ſo,
Becauſe they had no other Room
I'th' Houſe, tho' th' King himſelf ſhou'd come.
Both Wife and Daughter whiſk their Rumps
From off their Stools, and ſtir their Stumps.
Hippomanes ſwift footed Bride
Ne'er ran ſo light as *Betty* did
For Bread and Li[illegible] they ſhou'd want;
She bore her Body all a-ſlant,
With Chin a-peak, for that had got
The ſtart of Bum well near two Foot.
Her long-tail'd Coats behind like Rudder
Flaunt all outright i'th' Wind to guide her,
She ſail'd, ſhe ran, ſhe flew, quick *Bet*,
Like *Dædalus* or *Pacolet*;
Like *Iris*, or God *Mercury*,
When *Jove* or *Juno* bids 'em fly,
And did her Errands preſently.

Mean

Mean while the active Mother doth
Not idle ſit with Finger in Mouth,
But is as buſie as a Bee,
And flies about moſt notably,
To get a Supper to the Board;
At which (I warrant you) a Lord
Might lick his Lips, and might report
He never ſaw the like at Court.

She runneth firſt to th' Tub of Meal,
Which ('cauſe her *Sym* does daily ſteal)
Juſt like the *Danaid*'s Colander
Is ne'er a whit the emptier.
She made a Pudding long and round,
And 'cauſe there was no Sewet found
I'th' Houſe, ſhe ſcraped half a pound
Of Tallow Candle in't, and ſo
'Twas very fat and good I trow.

To Fire ſhe laid the Gooſe to roaſt
With half the Down upon't almoſt,
For thus 'twou'd turn and never burn;
And here a Cook may live and learn.
The Guts and Dung as green as Graſs
Were roaſted as for Woodcook ſawce.

The Sizers hunger made 'em greedy,
And glad at Heart when Supper was ready.
Their Guts e'en gallop'd in their Belly
To meet the Pudding; and I tell'ye,
Each Chitterling had hopes to be
It ſelf a Pudding preſently.

Now 'twas the Daughter and the Mother
Beſtir'd themſelves and kept a pother,
And flew about with haring Looks,
And all the heat and haſte of Cooks.
Now both Command and none Obey,
And blunder in each other's Way:
And when they ran againſt each other,
And ſtagger'd both, the waſpiſh Mother
Cry'd Devil take ye, can't ye ſee?
My Mother's mad I think, quoth ſhe.

As they took Pudding out of Pot,
Bet cou'd not finger't 'twas ſo hot,
So down i'th' Fire ſhe let it fall:
Wife caught the Tongs, and therewithal
Soon ſnatch'd it out, and called *Beſs*
A dowdy Slut as ever was.
The foul Diſgrace provoked *Bet*
And ſhe ſtrait anſwer'd in a fret,

The

The Pot will call, for ought I ſee,
The Kettle black A— preſently;
For none to whom Neatneſs belongs,
Wou'd take a Pudding up with Tongs.
They ſcrape it clean, and then they get
Empaled Gooſe from off the Spit,
And diſh it up, and cover't o'er
With green Sawce ſpecify'd before;
And round the brims o'th' Platter ſtrew'd
Brown Sugar, 'cauſe they'd make it good:
And 'cauſe a fancy took Miſs *Bet*
With Finger in the ſame to write
Her Name, and then it muſt be ſweet.
Sym ſwells and looks as big at leaſt
As King *Belſhazzar* at his Feaſt;
With low'ring Brow, and ſcornful Eye,
(Miſtaking Pride for Majeſty)
Bids both fall to; for *Alexander*
Ne'er eat a Gooſe, nor yet a Gander
Cook'd half ſo well; his *Perſian* Queen
(Poor ſilly Tit) was little ſeen
In Sawces, and cou'd hardly make
A tolerable pudding Cake.

If any chuſe a Cook for me,
She muſt be bred i'th' Nunnery;
Such is my Dame, lo! that is ſhe.
As for the Commons in your Hall,
I know they're very bad and ſmall;
If my Dog *Towzer* will, he may
Eat more and better ev'ry Day.
Your daily Loins and Breaſts of Mutton
Wou'd cure a Man of being a Glutton;
And wou'd ſo cloy a Dog, they'd keep
Him ſafe enough from running at Sheep;
Then pray remember where you are,
Fall ſtoutly to and never ſpare,
For *Simon*'s Houſe of *Trompington*
Can furniſh more when this is done.
Wife puff'd with Huſband's Commendation
Prick'd up her Ears to Admiration,
And ſaid, the proudeſt in the Nation
(God bleſs the King) may come and feaſt it
With Gooſe, as I have ſawc'd and dreſs'd it.
And *Betty* (elſe I'll ne'er be ſeen)
Shall make a Pudding with the Queen,
For all ſhe's worth. Yet, Sirs, I'm ſorry
And vex'd we have no better for ye;

But ſuch as 'tis pray'e eat and ſpare not;
Eat Bones and all, in troth I care not.

This ſaid, her Knife that grac'd her Side
With Keys and Purſe and Bodkin ty'd,
She took in hand, and fell to work,
And haſh'd and ſlaſh'd without a Fork;
And ſewet Pudding ſingled out,
And dealt prodigious gobs about.
Laid hands o'th' Gooſe incontinent,
And ſome ſhe cut and ſome ſhe rent;
And ſhew'd no mercy in the Caſe,
But Soul and Body ſowc'd in Sawce;
And threw whole handfuls on their Trenchers,
And ſaid, She hop'd they'd prove no flinchers:
'Tis proper Meat for Men o'th' Schools,
Geeſe gaggle moſt of any Fowls.

But *Betty* ſat demure and ſtill,
With Countenance enclin'd to ſmile,
And Mouth made up ſo ſmall a quill,
Might make a Spoon almoſt too big
To feed poor little ſweet fac'd Pig.

For Women are ſo fine that ſome make
As tho' (forſooth) they had no Stomach

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As tho' (forſooth) they had no Stomach

Nor Teeth, nor any more in truth
Than mere reſemblance of a Mouth:
Juſt as a Man has on his Breaſt
Sham Teats which Nature made in jeſt.—
But all's mere counterfeit and wrong;
Tho' ſome want Teeth that live too long,
Yet all have Stomach, all have Tongue.

Still ſate ſhe angling for the Scholars,
Cupido enim valdè ſolers.
And when ſhe ſaw they did eſpy,
She'd rowl away her meaning Eye
To draw theirs on her: Thus they ſay,
Bo-peep in Love's a taking play.

Some Folks perhaps whoſe Breeding lies
In being much more nice than wiſe,
Wou'd take a ſurfeit at the Eye
With *Trompingtonian* Cookery:
And find no Appetite to eat,
And ſpawl and vomit at ev'ry bit.
I'th' preſent Caſe 'twas nothing thus,
True Hunger is not ſcrupulous.
As hungry Dogs eat dirty Pudding,
So th' famiſh'd Sizers twiſt the Food in,

As

As tho' they had (like Sharks Jaw-bones)
Four tire of Teeth to grind at once.
The Parlours of all Mouths are now
So cramm'd with Food, Tongues know not how
To walk about. If ſilence is
A ſign of Wit, Gooſe made 'em Wiſe.
But ſince a Gooſe dame Nature meant
Shou'd love the liquid Element,
They quaff whole Bumpers to the brim,
And make the Gooſe within 'em ſwim;
Grow blith and buxom, rant and roar,
Like *Dutchmen* newly come a-ſhoar,
And talk enough of thick fat Bawdy
To pleaſe a Midwife or old Lady:
Tell twenty Stories, Pun and Joke,
And laugh at ev'ry thing that's ſpoke;
Drink many Healths as ſeemeth beſt,
And Madam Wives among the reſt;
An health to *Betty* with a frolick;
John ſwore his Mouth had got the Cholick;
If ſhe'd vouchſafe but hers to apply,
'Twou'd prove a ſov'raign Remedy.
She ſimper'd at his ſweet Device,
And twinkling briſk her Gooſberry Eyes,

Drew

Drew up ſmall Mouth's circumference
I'th' poſture of no great Defence;
And when ſhe ſaw indeed ſhe muſt,
John ſweetly kiſs'd, *Bet* cloſely buſs'd.
And Chin and Rump both ſticking out,
She gave a Court'ſey in to boot,
As tho' ſhe thank'd him that he'd do't.

Says *John*, Why ſhou'd a Youth whoſe Blood
Flows warm in's Veins ſit ſtill and plod,
Cold as his Grandſire cut in Stone
With alabaſter Doublet on?

Says *Sym*, Let's have a merry Catch;
Says *Allen*, Ay Cuds ſo! a Match.
Says *John*, in faith, with all my Heart,
If you'll begin I'll bear a part.
Says *Sym*, May I ne'er grind more Corn,
If Wife and I don't take a turn;
But firſt (and ſo the Can he gripes)
Let's drink, to wet our organ Pipes.
Agreed, ſays *John*; were Warden by,
All's one, a-dry or not a-dry;
I'd make him tope as well as we;
And give him Rhyme and Reaſon too,
Why he ſhou'd ſwill as Sizers do.

Why

Why, Man of Morals, ſhould we be
Preciſe and dull, and ſip like thee.
Thy ſober, virtuous, cool Pretence
Wou'd bring an Inconvenience;
'Twou'd ſpoil an uſeful Occupation,
The Piſs-pot making of the Nation.
So, ſo, ſays *Sym*, thou merry Son
Of *Bacchus*, now the Game's begun:
But ſing in Parts, that's very fine;
Says *Allen*, come Boys, I'll begin.

A. *He's a Fool that ſits muddy*
Still a poring in's Study,
'Till his Face look as pale as his Paper.

J. *But he's wiſe that leaves thinking,*
And applies him to drinking,
'Till his Noſe blazeth out like a Taper.

A. *Your Philoſophy's folly,*
For it breeds Melancholly;
But good Liquor doth Happineſs give, Sir.

J. *Then I prethee take Beer, Boy,*
Juſt as I take it here, Boy;
This, oh this is the true way to live, Sir.

A. *As*

A. *As to him that won't ſtay,*
Still a ſquirting away.
Pretending a great deal of haſte, Sir;
J. *I'll clap on his Breech*
A good plaiſter of Pitch
To ſettle him ſo much the faſter.

Sym caught the Can and ſaid, This Day
Has made my Heart run o'er with Joy.

S. *Come, my Boys, let's carouſe,*
A. *Here's a health to the Houſe;*
J. *To both Huſband and Spouſe;*
W. *And to little Child* Chopper;
J. *To Miſs* Betty *that Topper;*
A. *And the two Stones and Hopper.*

Says *Sym*, Tho' I'm not young I vow,
I think I never liv'd till now,
And, *Betty*, doſt not think ſo too?
She bluſh'd and nothing ſaid to that,
But felt her Heart go pit a-pat;
And ſomething in her Breaſt within
Said theſe were clever, lovely Men.

A

Says

Says *Allen*, She's ſo woundy pretty,
She is Miſs *Beauty*, not Miſs *Betty*.
Says *John* ſhe'll make, in no long time,
A Grandſire of you, Maſter *Sym*,
And bring fat Fubs, a jolly Boy;
So like your ſelf that Men will ſay,
The ſtrangeſt Sight that e'er was ſeen
Is *Sym* in Bib and Frock again.
Drink's Health by gueſs, ſaith *Allen*, ſince
He's not a freſh Man, but *non Ens*.
Then having made a rattling ſhow'r
Of Healths as faſt as they cou'd pour;
Sym fearing Floods in's fenny Brain,
Held up, and pray'd they'd ſing again.

A. *Prithee ben't a Fool, Miſer,*
But buy Drink and be wiſer,
Elſe I wiſh thee the Pox and the Itch.
J. *Let us make the Malt vent, Boys,*
And drink up our fall'n Rent, Boys,
This, ah! this is the way to grow Rich.

A. *Let us drink and let's ſing, hey!*
Here's a Health to the King, hey!

He's a Sot whom the Reckoning vexes.

J. *For 'tis all of a price, ho!*
If we drink up Exciſe, ho!
We ſhall ſave it again in the Taxes.

Says *Sympkin*, God a'mercy, Lads,
I dare be ſworn your drunken Dads
Begot you as your Mothers lay
On ſtrong Beer Barrels ſome mad Day.
Next turn is mine, I'd ſing a Song
Of King and Miller, but 'tis long
And curſed ſerious, ſo not fit;
I'll rather try if I can hit
Your Tune and Subject, ſo I think
To ſing a Reaſon why I'll drink.

Tho' my Dame call me Home,
I will ſtay till I come,
I've a Reaſon as yet for to tarry.
To let down t'other ſup,
And ſo keep Belly up,
Elſe her ſcolding will make me miſcarry.

Well done, ſays *Allen*, old true blue:
Come, Madam, now your Reaſon too.

So then she hem'd; and 'twas not long
Before she squealed out her Song.

If my little Boy lye
In its Cradle, and cry
For good Liquor, a thirsty poor Elf;
I will quench my own Thirst,
Tho' I bib till I burst;
For I drink for both it and my self.

They urged *Bet;* but that poor thing
Was so asham'd, it could not sing:
But laugh'd as broad-mouth'd as a Sparrow;
Altho' at Supper 'twas so narrow.
Tho' Artful Looks defended be
A while by Care and Memory;
Yet Nature will, e'er now and then,
Betray its proper Form again.
And those who cannot be content
With such an Air as Nature meant;
But needs will have a finer Face
Of their own making at their Glass;
When once discover'd by a scape
Methinks have Faces like an Ape,

Screw'd out of Tune. I ever took
The nat'ral for the handſom'ſt Look.
Now round they went an humming Peal,
And pull'd it down ſo thick withal,
Each Tongue ſtruck both ſides of its Mouth,
As Bell rung under Salley doth:
Then higher roſe, and got it up
Unto a bumping, ſtanding Cup;
'Till *Sym* perceiv'd ſo great a pull
Wou'd quickly overſet his Scull;
And cry'd, let's ſet: come, one catch more:
Each take a part, we'll make up four.
Here, I'll begin; all ſingly done,
Let Chorus join us all in one.

S. *What is't you do at* Cambridge *School?*

A. *We imitate* Miherva's *Owl.*

W. *With Favour, Sir, what mean you by't?*

J. *We ſleep all Day, and whoop all Night.*

Chor. *Then i'faith let us all in our Studies agree;*
And turn the Mill-houſe to an Academy.
Let us drink, and let's whoop the mad Night all away:
Then no fear but we ſleep like true Scholars all Day.

Quoth

Quoth *Sym*, agreed; I taſte it well,
For I am Warden of the Mill.
Quoth Wife, i'fakins! pray God bleſs
Her Worſhip Me the Wardeneſs.
Quoth *Allen* then, I'll Butler be;
And *Betty* ſhall draw under me.
Quoth *John*, old Sawce-box, no ſuch Matter;
Is't fit, d'y' think, the Warden's Daughter
Be under th' Butler? She Guds-beart
And I'll be Fellow-Commoners.

And thus they freak'd and drank about,
'Till Hummerkin was fairly out,
And Night far ſpent; ſo they agreed
They'd top thick Ale with gen'rous Mead,
And then they'd tumble up to Bed.

CANTO VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Soft Venus *acteth Comi-Magick:*
Rough Mars *turns all to Comi-Tragick.*
Who'll know th' Event muſt read to th' end on't,
For Dii laboribus omnia vendunt.

GOD's Providence, if underſtood,
Is ever conſtant, wiſe, and good;
But 'cauſe it ſtrangely manages
Some intricate Occurrences,
And thwarts our Wills, and makes us fret,
For Reaſons lying out of ſight:
Our Atheiſtick Arrogance,
Our Paſſion, Pride, and Ignorance,
Will call't Hap-hazard, Chance and Fortune,
And look upon it as uncertain,
Capriciouſly concluding't all
Malicious, blind, and whimſical.
Whereas in caſe we could attend,
And patiently but wait the end,

We ne'er ſhou'd doubt its being true,
That all, at laſt, ſhall have their due,
Among the roguey Rank of Men,
Great Perſons ſometimes have I ſeen,
With Riches, Pleaſures, Honours, Heirs,
To th' utmoſt of their Heart's Deſires;
Who ſlander'd, cheated, robb'd, oppreſs'd,
Upheld the worſt, o'er-look'd the beſt,
Yet ſadly paid for all at laſt;
An Inſtance of this Obſervation
Stands in the ſubſequent Narration.

Poor Miller now had Griſt enough,
And was ſo damnably paid off,
His ſturdy Legs e'en mutiny'd,
As tho' they would no more abide
To bear about his booby Trunk,
That was ſo ponderouſly drunk.
His Brains run round, and ſeem'd to grind,
And make a Miller of his Mind:
For ſo they twirl'd, as tho' his Soul
Had ſet a Mill up in his Scull.

The Truth on't is, he had indeed
So rarely verniſhed his Head;

And was ſo beaſtly drunk, that he
Was get beyond the Red Degree,
Into the Pale; and had the Hick-up;
And ev'ry Gulp was like to fetch up:
And ſpake thro's Noſe; and Reaſon good,
His Mouth cou'd ſcarce be underſtood,
It ſeem'd to trip and ſtumble ſo.
His very Eyes e'en ſtagger'd too;
And made him rich, I think, enough,
By doubling all his Houſhold-ſtuff.
So in that plight he ſcrambled
On Hands and Knees up Stairs to Bed.

And Wife ſoon after ſlid away,
As light and jolly as a Jay;
So was her jolly Whiſtle wet.
She placed at her own Bed's feet
The Cradle with her Milleret;
Who little Thief, as one might gueſs it,
Slept ſweetly like a Pig, God bleſs it.
Then Daughter *Betty* went anon;
Then *Allen*, and his Comrogue *John*.
Sym ſleeps without or Wit or Fear.
He had ſo wiſely bibbed Beer,

And ſtupify'd his *Cerebrum*,
He needs no Pill of *Laudanum*;
Nor could one wake him with a Drum.

And as he ſlept he ſnored worſe,
And louder much than *Ball* their Horſe:
And now and then ſuch Thunders come
From's Tail, you'd fear it ſhot a Bomb.
Dame Wife pip'd Conſort all the while;
One might have heard 'em half a Mile.
To make the Harmony complete,
Sweet, pretty, pigſnie, bouncing *Bet*,
Don't in her ſleep ſo ſullen lye,
But ſhe routs too for Company.

Now *Allen* lies awake, and hears
This Anti-Muſick of the Spheres:
And poking *John* ſays, ſleepeſt thou?
Did'ſt ever hear the like as now?
Delicious double Organs! oh
How ſweet their *Iriſh* Horn-pipes go!
And give two Senſes equal ſhare;
And bleſs the Noſe, and bleſs the Ear.
Muſicians, lo! may learn new Arts;
Three Perſons now perform ſix Parts;

All Vocal too; we want but here
To make all full, the Devil's Lyre;
'Twou'd then be right Infernal Quire.

I wish the routing Rogue and Sluts
Had *Ætna* burning in their Guts.
All this long Night I get no rest;
Yet all shall turn, I hope, for th' best.
I'll add one Part to th' Melody;
And join their Vocal by and by,
With Instrumental; trust me, *John*,
That Bass, or *Best*, I'll play upon.

Some Ease the Law affordeth us,
For there's a Statute sayeth thus:
If in one Point we are aggrieved,
In t'other we shall be relieved.
Our Corn is stole, t'our Shame and Loss;
Our Afternoon prov'd curst cross:
I'th' Day we could not wreck our Spite,
But have-at sweet Revenge to Night.

Gudzookers! as I hope to thrive,
I'll try a Touch for't, if I live.
Sleep, Miller Thief, while I grind Corn,
Toll free, upon thy Daughter's Quern.

I vow and ſwear, I'll make it go:
Hit lucky, Dice; it ſhall be ſo.

John anſwer'd *Allen*, heark ye, Sir;
Adviſe you well before you ſtir.
Altho' 'tis true, the Miller's mellow,
Yet he's a woundy rugged Fellow,
And if he wake i'th' int'rim, he
May do us both a Villany.

Says *Allen*, Mine's a Hero's Heart;
I value *Sympkin* not a Fart.
And he deſerves to have no ſport,
That is afraid to venture for't.

Thus *John*'s Advice he ſlighted; for
The Codpiece hates a Counſellor.
And up he ſprings; and in doth creep
By th' Wench as ſhe lay faſt aſleep
Upon her Back; and got ſo nigh,
'Twas now too late for her to cry:
And ſhortly they were both at one.
Play *Allen* now, I'll ſpeak of *John*.

John lay concern'd, revolving thus:
This is a moſt notorious,
Confounded, wicked, I proteſt,
And herewithal, moſt dang'rous Jeſt

Of *Allen* now; but yet alas!
I wiſh my ſelf were in his place.
Lo I am wrong'd as much as he;
Yet he's redreſs'd, ſo am not I.
Now he has ſomething for his Harms,
The Miller's Daughter in his Arms:
And takes Revenge; and now is ſped,
While I dull Looby loll a-bed,
E'en like a lumpy Sack of Grains,
Devoid of Heat, or Heart, or Brains.
And when 'tis told another day
Of his Exploit; why Men will ſay,
Look yonder's that's the mettled Spark,
That ground at *Trompington* by dark.
And that ſame there is gentle *John*,
That Coward, Concomb, Doodle, Drone.
I'll riſe, and venture what I may;
A Daſtard is a Fool, they ſay:
Perhaps I'll make him miſs his way.
And ſnare him ſo, that he ſhall be
Laught at as much, or more than I.
And up he ſtole, and ſoftly ſet
The Cradle at his own Bed's feet.

To ſnore and rout Wife ceaſed now,
And fell a grunting like a Sow:
And ſo awoke; and well ſhe did;
For elſe ſhe muſt have piſs'd a-bed.
As Luck would have it, *Sym* had got
On his ſide now the Jordan Pot.
She had ſuch need, ſhe could not ſtraddle,
But creep; and never miſs'd the Cradle;
For while the Needs of Nature call,
We think of nothing elſe at all.
But when ſhe turn'd, it was not there,
She could not find it any where;
But groap'd about, and finding none,
Cry'd well! I had almoſt miſgone.
E'en had I gone to th' Scholar's Bed;
Then Fakins! had I finely ſped.
So forth ſhe goes about, about,
'Till ſhe had felt the Cradle out:
Then groap'd a little farther on,
And felt the Bed, where lay ſtill *John*;
And never dream'd but ſhe was right,
Becauſe the Cradle ſtood ſo nigh't:
And ſo miſtook, it was ſo dark,
And fairly crope in by the Clerk:

And meant to ſleep: but by and by,
John took his Opportunity:
And ſhe ne'er once diſcover'd him:
But thought (good Wife) it had been *Sym.*
And thus the happy Scholars lay
Diſſolv'd in Bliſs, 'till almoſt Day.

How fleeting, how miſchievous is
This vicious, Beſtial Happineſs!
Poor Scholar, thou doſt little know
What bloody *Erinnys* means to do.
Thou haſt enjoy'd thy ſhameful Sport,
But ſhe ſhall firk thy Toby for't.

Then *Allen* ſaid, my ſweeteſt pretty,
My kindeſt, deareſt, Miſtreſs *Betty*,
Farewel; I grieve to tell thee ſo:
But Day's approaching, I muſt go.
And tho' (dear Soul) I'm forc'd to part,
In thy lov'd Breaſt I leave my Heart.
And evermore, where e'er I am,
I'll be thy *Allen*, ſtill the ſame;
Thine now, and ever, fixt, and true.
Come kiſs me, Love, and ſo adieu.

Says *Bet*, my Love, if 't muſt be ſo,
I plight my Troth before thou go.

And

And ſo farewel; no Tongue can tell,
How't cuts my Heart to bid farewel.
In fine, obſerve what I ſhall ſay:
Anon, when as thou go'ſt away,
I'th' Entry juſt behind the Door;
There in an Hole made in the Floor,
Thou'lt find a Cake about the Size
Of a good thumping Chedder-Cheeſe;
Which Mother made out of your Meal,
That Father and I made bold to ſteal.
Now, *Allen*, ſtill be true to me;
God's Bleſſing go along with thee.
And ſo ſhe buſs'd him twice or thrice,
With Water ſtanding in her Eyes.
And thus the Pair of Lovers parted;
He ſatisfy'd, ſhe broken-hearted.
He ſlid as ſilently and light,
As Thieves or Fairies in the Night:
And thought before the Day ſhou'd peep,
Thus undiſcover'd in he'd creep
To Bed by *John*, and found the Cradle,
And ſaid, Gud's heart! my Brains are addle;
My Head is totty ſure to Night,
That makes me that I go not right.

I am amiſs: upon my Life,
Here lies the Miller, and his Wife.
Had not the Cradle been my Mark,
Now had I fallen in the dark
Into a Trap. So on he went
I'th' Devil's Name: and when he meant
To get to *John*, ill Fortune led
Poor *Allen* into *Sympkin*'s Bed.

He caught the Miller by the Neck,
And whiſp'ring, thus began to ſpeak:
Awake dull Sheeps-head, 'wake for ſhame;
I'll tell thee of a noble Game,
While thou cold Sot haſt lain alone,
An unattempting, fearful Drone,
By *James* the juſt, and *Virgo Mater*,
I've been as luſty as a Satyr,
And thrice took Toll o'th' Miller's Daughter.

Falſe Villain, cry'd the Miller, haſt?
Falſe Traitor Clerk! I'll make thee taſte
My deep Revenge. Ah, curſed Rogue!
This *Incubus*, this lech'rous Dog,
This Viper's Brood I'll ſurely kill,
And hurle his wriggling Soul to Hell,

That

That durſt aſſault the Chaſtity
Of one of ſuch a Family.

Beſs heard thus far, and like an Hare
Lay ſquat in a confounded Fear:
And 'cauſe her Spirits fly amain
Into the Caſtle of her Brain,
And leave ungarriſon'd her Tail,
Retentive Faculty muſt fail,
And ſo give Opportunity,
For priſon'd Excrements to fly:
They ruſhed out with murm'ring Rout,
And ſeiz'd the Bed-cloths all about.
And 'cauſe her Head had ſuch a Throng,
Theſe Spirits could not paſs along,
But ſtuck in Crowds; all Motion ceas'd,
And ſhe had Fits, like one poſſeſs'd:
And lay like dead, bereav'd of Breath,
You'd think ſhe ſtank her ſelf to death.

Then *Sym* with Rage and Fury caught
Entrapped *Allen* by the Throat.
But *Allen* lay not paſſive tame,
But made the beſt of a bad Game:
Beſtir'd his Limbs, and fell to work,
And laid about him like a *Turk*.

However, 'twas an an happy thing,
That *Sympkin* had that Evening
So deep i'th' humming Liquor ſtood,
That now his Head was all i'th' Mud,
And throbbed ſore; and he was ſick
And fev'riſh, and ſo faint and weak,
That he (poor Devil) was verily
Not half the Man he us'd to be;
Elſe ſad had fallen *Allen*'s Lot,
As ſure as Gun he'd gone to Pot.

For *Sym*, who never us'd to be
Long gaining of a Victory,
Urg'd on by Spite, Revenge and Shame,
Outrageouſly upon him came,
And plaid his Manual Batteries;
Inceſſantly, with ſuch Succeſs,
He knock'd him down, and ruin'd all
The Spirits in his Capital.
So *Allen* fell, and lay in Trance,
Struck out of Memory and Senſe,
Sprawling, yet ſafe, 'cauſe 'twas ſo dark,
That *Sympkin* could not find the Spark.

Now he's ſo hard beſted, I reckon
Some Goddeſs muſt come down in Machine.

So when the *Proci* fought *Ulysses*,
(As *Homer* hath it in's *Odysses*)
Wise *Pallas* perching on a Beam,
In Shape of Swallow saved him.
But here, to keep *decorum* right,
She must be Owl, because 'twas Night.
And if i'th' dark he'll but lye still,
He'll be as safe as Thief in Mill;
And Blue-ey'd Madam need not be
At much Expence for Prodigy.

After some Rest, he made a Leap
Like one revoked out of sleep:
And being eager to engage
(For Shame had turn'd Despair to Rage)
He lightly dealt his heavy Blows,
With nimble Strength, on *Sympkin*'s Jaws:
And Thunder'd here, and Lightned there,
And made his very Eyes strike Fire:
And in his Face so threw his Head,
His Breast ran streaming down all red,
And's Mouth was throng'd with Gobs of Gore:
Then down they tumbled on the Floor,
And wallow'd like two Pigs in Poke:
Then stood, and boxed stroak for stroak.

And lent, and paid ſo very quick,
That neither of 'em ran o'tick:
And he that rubb'd out t'other's Score
Turn'd Creditor, and chalk'd on more:
And he that paid (prepoſt'rous Work)
Not that received, ſet his Mark,
And lack'd no Witneſs, ſince he gave
More than the other car'd to have:
Who took it with ſuch Courteſie,
He flung't all back with Uſury.

Now were they up, now were they down,
And both held tack a ſmoaking round,
Maintaining Fight with all the Ire,
That Fiends and Fury could inſpire,
Beyond all Things in Hiſtory,
That ever I have chanc'd to ſee.

Tho' *Dares* and *Entellus* ſtout
In *Virgil*, had a Boxing Bout;
In *Homer*, *Irus* and *Ulyſſes*;
Yet none comes up to half what this is.

Both Wonders did; each Stroak that fell
Seem'd little leſs than Miracle.
You'd think there muſt, at ev'ry Bout,
A Noſe fly off, or Eye fly out.

And when they fall you'd fear they break
A Leg or Arm, may be a Neck.
And thus the Heroes, tho' grown faint,
And ſtrength, and Blood and Breath was ſpent;
Their Veins yet ſtrouting like black Pudding
With Spirits full for all their flooding,
Held Combat on, till by and by,
As tho' all ruling Deſtiny,
To th' utmoſt of its Patience driven
By holding long the Balance even;
At length grows partial, and decrees
Sym's end muſt fall and *Allen*'s riſe:
So ord'ring it accordingly,
Poor *Sympkin* chanc'd to tread a-wry,
And backward ſquelch'd upon his Wife,
That never dream'd of ſuch a ſtrife;
And lay (good Dame) aſleep with *John*,
Who now ſlept too, for he gat none
All Night before.
She bray'd aloud,
Help holy Croſs, help holy Rood;
In *manus tuas*, Lord, I call.
Wake *Simon*, wake, the Fiend doth fall,

And

And lies upon my Womb and Head,
My Heart is broke; Oh, I am dead!
Sure Hell's broke loose, and all the Devils
Come here to meet and keep their Revels.
Help *Syz*, the curſed Scholars fight.
Then *John*, as faſt as e'er he might,
Starts up and gropeth to and fro
To find a Staff; ſhe ſprang up too,
And knowing better where than *John*,
By th' Wall ſhe found a Club anon;
And ſaw a little glimmering Light
(For thro' an hole the Moon ſhone bright)
And by that Light diſcover'd two,
But ſurely wiſt not who was who;
But ſaw a white thing dodling by,
And when that white ſhe did eſpy
She thought the Scholars now might wear
A night Cap or an Handkercher,
And with that Club drew near and near,
And thought to drive at *Allen* full,
And ſmote the Miller's pilled Skull,
That down he went like felled Bull
I'th' Slaughter-houſe, with mournful cry,
Alas, I'm murther'd! Oh I dye!

When

When *Sym* was down the Scholars fly
Upon him moſt outrageouſly,
And bang and bruiſe and make him grin,
And wiſh their Meal in Bag again;
And ſhew no Mercy, kick and cuff,
And never think they do't enough,
Till they had Foot-ball'd ſo his Head,
And knock'd him that he lay for dead;
Then dreſs'd, and catching haſtily
Arms, Meal, Cake, Horſe, away they fly,
And thus proud *Sym* was ſadly beat,
And loſt the grinding of the Wheat;
And paid the coſts of Supper too
For both the Clerks that bang'd him ſo;
And Madam Mother, and Daughter Trull
Had both ('tis thought) their Bellies full.

This 'tis to bear a Roguiſh Mind,
For Heav'ns not, tho' Fortune's blind;
And Juſtice counts it nothing hard,
If Rogues receive a Rogue's reward.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

SIRS, now y'have ſeen what I can ſhew,
You find my Prologue told you true;
I was not born a Poet's Son,
Nor made ſo by Adoption;
Nor can I fetch my Pedigree
From any branch of Poetry:
Nor has Apollo *regiſter'd*
That I was e'er baptiz'd a Bard
In Aganippe's *holy Font,*
Nor was I nurs'd upon the Mount
Of Helicon, *where th' Harmony*
O'th' Muſes ſinging Lullaby
Might tune to Verſe my infant Tongue,
And educate my Ear an Song.
To ſpeak more plainly, I can ſcarce
Write Senſe in Proſe, much leſs in Verſe.
How chanc'd it then I grew ſo mad
To run upon this Rhyming Trade?
When all my Inclinations lay,
'Till very lately, another way,
I'th' buſtle of a buſie Scene,
Where Angels met me now and then,
Supplying mod'rately my want;
And ſo I did not quite repent
The Pains I took, and Time I ſpent.

But

EPILOGUE.

But now I've ſtole, I muſt confeſs,
Away from better Buſineſs,
To play the Fool upon Parnaſs;
And moil'd and mus'd, and thraſh'd my Brains,
And undertook a world of Pains;
*And rub'd * three tedious Stories through,*
In ſpite of Time and Talent too:
And (what I ought to reckon more)
Become inſufferably poor;
And all but to be thought to be
A pretty Fellow at Poetry,
I'th' loweſt Form; for I'm ſo lowly
I never aim'd at being truly
A Milton, Butler, Ben *or* Cowley.

But, O ye Muſes! when I try'd,
Your croſs-grain'd Ladyſhips deny'd
Your needful Influence, altho'
I wiſh'd you'd only help me to,
E'er now and then an happy hit
Of little Pleaſantries and Wit
To tickle the Lungs, and ſo in part
Flap Melancholy from my Heart.
What tho' I fell but once i'th' faſhion
Of boldly begging Inſpiration?
Is't then genteel and generous
To turn your Tails upon me thus,
Only becauſe I'd not become
Obſtreperous and troubleſome?

Proud Minſtrel Madams, tho' I were
Your poor almoſt Idolater;
My Hearts ſo turned now that I
Slight you as much as you did me;
And for the future I'll diſdain
To mingle with your tatter'd Train.

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* The Author (as beforeſaid) wrote two Tales more, and deſigned this Epilogue for the laſt.

No,

EPILOGUE.

No, tho' you'd come and offer me
Your Bays and Immortality,
In hopes to lure and draw me back,
The De'il a bit the Sham ſhou'd take.
Oh! rather let it be my Lot,
To live obſcure and dye forgot,
Than have the triſling'ſt part of me
Be all that I'm remember'd by.
Go, go, with all my Heart, and bleſs
With Fame and Glory where you pleaſe:
I wiſh and beg but only this,
This modeſt unpoetick Boon,
Pierians *let me ne'er be known.*
And ſo adieu, for I'll give o'er,
Perhaps ne'er ſcribble Diſtich more.

Cum relego ſcripſiſſe pudet, quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque, qui ſcripſi, Judice, digna lini.
Tunc quoq; cum fugerem, quædam placitura cremavi,
Iratus Studiis, Carminibuſque meis,

Ovid.

FINIS.

15 59 JUL

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